

RHYMES
OF THE
YESTERYEAR

HENRY COFFIN FELLOW



Class PS3511

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Henry C. Fellow

RHYMES OF THE YESTERYEAR

IN THREE PARTS

PART I—RESERVE REVERIES

PART II—ROUND UP RHYTHM

PART III—MEDITATIVE ODES

BY

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Author of

School Supervision and Maintenance

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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no. 1

Dedication

TO
MELISSA STANLEY FELLOW
MY BELOVED WIFE
AND HELPMET IN ADVERSITY
AND PROSPERITY
THE ONE WHO INSPIRED ITS PREPARATION
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR

PREFACE

BORN in the log-cabin days of Hoosierdom, rocked to sleep in a sugar trough, fed on mush and milk, taught to swing the wheat cradle and grubbing hoe, to dig ditch and split rails, to grub briars, pick trash and burn log heaps, to handle a single shovel plow from the time he was knee-high to a duck, to play shinny on thin ice, bull pen and black man and to cipher to the single rule of three; to eat out of the tail-end of chuck wagon, to live with comfort in a dug-out, to stake his last plunk on a drop of rain, to teach the young idea how to shoot without bu'stin' the bar'l and take skinned duck and jack rabbit for pay, and glad of the chance.

In view of the aforesaid, having seen the old pass away and the advent of the new order of things, the writer, during fitful spells of Springlomania, has penned these rhymes at times in the last forty years, and now perpetrates the same on a gullible public, hoping that they may not be taken too seriously, and may lighten your load a little.

Yours truly,

THE AUTHOR.

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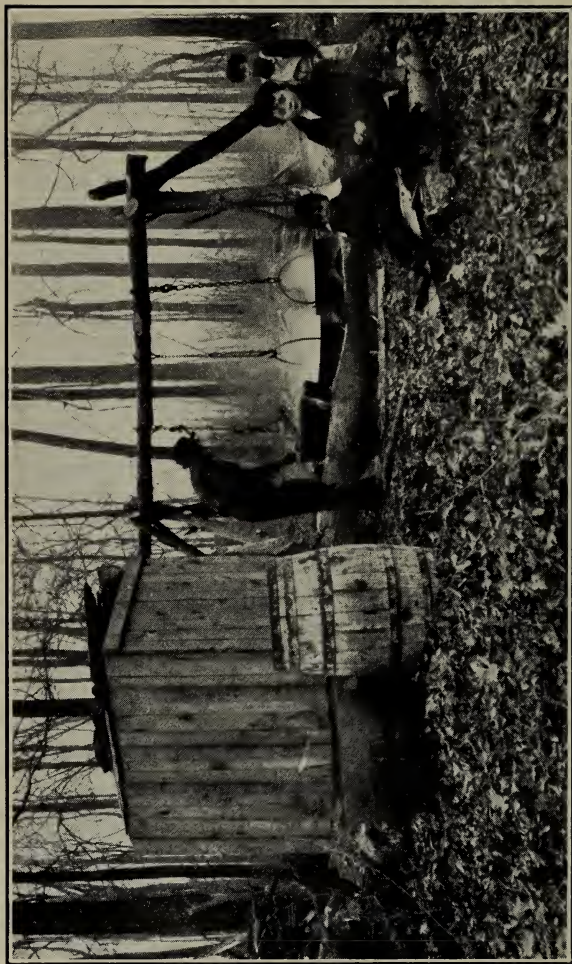
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PART I

RESERVE REVERIES



"MAPLE ORCHARD OVER THE RUN"

RHYMES OF THE YESTERYEAR

THE YESTERYEARS

DEDICATED TO THE CLASS OF 1914 OF
AMBOY HIGH SCHOOL

I SIT in the garden of *Long Ago*,
With its beautiful flowers of delicate hue,
With its nectared odors of myrrh and rue,
And live life over again.

Half waking, I dream "Can nobody know
How far from *Forever* to *Then*?"

The chasm is spanned from *Then* to *Now*
With delicate threads of purple and gold,
Much finer than gossamer, worth untold,
And ever and aye to mortals unseen;
The elves and fairies have spun them so
They glow with a silvery sheen.

Their fiber is spirit from the *Loom* of *Life*
Spun from the *Infinite One* above,
Endless in length as Infinite Love;
And they swing o'er the Chasm of *Years*,
High o'er the *Maelstrom* of *Strife*,
At the mouth of the *Fiord* of *Tears*.

From *Now* to *Forever*, the Angels, I ween,
Are building a bridge o'er the Chasm *To Be*
Of spirit spun threads of woof that we

Mortals have ne'er unraveled or seen ;
With fairy like tread the angelic band
Pass and repass in their labor aglow,
Swifter than light from the *Unseen Hand*.

On the gossamer film from *Now* to *Then*
There comes to me dreams of Long Ago,
That flash their light like the diamond glow
Out through the trackless night of *Time*;
And I sit and review them again and again,
Then lock them up in my casket of rhyme.

The cabin of logs that stood by the way
With great open fire place, ample and wide ;
The broken stone hearth and chimney outside,
Made out of niggerheads, splinters and straw,
And up to the top it was plastered 'with clay
To give it a draught,—we called it a draw :

The spring house and spring close under the hill
Where clear crystal water came bubbling up,
Fit nectar for kings of earth to sup ;
The calamus swamp and creek just ahead
Where the waters forever and ever will
Ripple along over their pebbly bed :

The old sugar orchard close over the run,
The furnace and barrels, the kettles and pans,
The buckets and sugar troughs, spiles and cans
Robbing each maple tree slowly by stealth,
Taking the toll that one by one
Pays Dame Nature with vanishing health.

The ol' swimmin' hole is gone now, I ween,
 The sycamore bend so entrancingly vast,
 Where the waters were kist by the shade overcast;
 The great wooden swing in the wild cherry trees
 Never more creaks and swings between
 And sways to the tops in the evening breeze:

The orchard and bramble of blackberry briars
 That grew in a thicket along on the ledge,
 And covered the tumble down fence like a hedge;
 How many a time have they caused me to writhe
 And vow that the thorns should be doomed to the
 fires,
 So I laid them low with mattock and scythe.

The old Quaker meeting house over the way,
 Where silently sat the saintly serene;
 Year in and year out did naught intervene
 To keep them from meeting and worshipping God
 In absolute quietude, garbed in their gray,
 With once in a while an occasional nod:

The barn, the frame house with cedars in front,
 The hostelry kept by mother and pap;
 Where preachers resorted for rest and a nap;
 And a good square meal with as hearty a greeting
 They got in a jiffy without an affront
 If forty drove in to the big Quaker meeting.

To the harvest of wheat with bucket in hand
 With cradle and rake at the gray of the dawn
 The farmer of yore has merrily gone;

But he's cut his last swath, and bound his last sheaf
And doubled and twisted his last golden band,
For the song of the reaper has brought him relief:

The old brick high school close by the church
Stands like a beacon hill back in the past,
Though now burned to ash, its pictures will last
The innermost, holiest shrine of our youth
Where we united in diligent search
For the stones that build the Temple of Truth:

Soccer and football, shinny club too,
High-buck or low-do, meaningless words,
Draw baste and blackman, never more heard,
Belong to the diction of long ago;
As far from our knowledge as Timbucktoo,
And their passing away I loathe to know.

All hail to our teachers of years gone by,
Sweet memory cherish what they have done;
Some gone to the clime that needs not the sun;
Some aged and hoary yet linger on earth
Awaiting the summons from the Herald on high
To pass and be judged for what they are worth.

To schoolmates of thirty-six years gone
We silently pause with tear dimmed eyes,
And pray that our Father, who holdeth the skies
In His hand, to bless you again,
And give each Alumnus a beautiful dawn
And triumphant close of the day—Amen.

HERE'S TO GOOD OLD INJIANNY

BACK in dear ol' Injianny
 When it's red hot August weather,
 When the ager's ripe fur pullin',
 Then I hike across the medder
 To the crick, an' 'gin my fishin',
 'Gin my dreamin', an' my wishin',
 An' my chawin'.
 Like a one hoss streak o' thunder
 Somethin' yankt the bobbin under,
 An' it made me maybe wonder
 Maybe there is somethin' comin',
 So I yank the bobbin hummin'—
 Nothin' doin'.

Wall, along about September,
 When the punkins 'gin to yaller
 An' the apples ripe fur pickin',
 Then it's when it strikes a feller
 Hard; an' keeps him humpin',
 Keeps him diggin', an' a dumpin'
 With a scoop.
 Apples, punkins an' termaters
 Irish spuds an' sweet pertaters
 Nuff to twist our moral natures,
 If we even sware we'd quit 'er
 An' should cut the pike, an' hit 'er
 With a whoop.

How I like the Injun summer
Kind o' smoky like, an' hazy,
Jist along about October;
An' it kind o' makes me lazy
Shuckin' nubbins frum the shock,
Draggin' fodder fur the stock,
Uncle Dan.

An' it sets my heart to plunkin'
An' my thinker tank to thunkin'
When I chaw terbacker punkin,
An' begin to spit 'er proper
Jist a kind o' yaller copper
Like a man.

How I like that good old Injianny
Drizzle, drazzle, drizzle, drazzle drap
Jist along about November
When the fodder's full o' sap
Frum the snow, an' rain, an' sleetin'
Fixin' fur to make the skeetin'
Bully, Pete.

An' all natur seems to shiver
Under sich a silver kiver;
Bet us kids would jist as liver
Let 'er driz, an' friz up tighter
While our feet are gittin' lighter
Fur to skeet.

How I like the winter evenin'
When we start the skillet poppin'
'Fore the roarin' fire a blazin',
An' we never think o' stoppin'

Till we raise the lid an' peep in
 An' we fill the dish pan heapin'
 Full as can,
 An' we hike aroun' an' grab in-
 To the pile, an' keep a blabbin',
 Keep a pickin' an' a nabbin',
 Tryin' hard to beat the tother,
 Eatin' corn, until our mother
 Swipes the pan.

How I like to git up airly
 When it's cold, an' gittin' colder fast
 Jist along about December
 With its rippin', whizzen blast,
 An' to start the fire a roarin'
 An' to stop the gals a snorin'
 With a hoot.
 Bet ye they had bestes travel
 An' begin to hiken gravel
 When a kid begins to ravel
 On a cold an' frosty mornin'
 Without much, if any, warnin',
 Bet yer boot.

THE WHITE ROSE OF THE WABASH

IN A lovely little valley
 By the Susquehanna river,
 Stands a village, quaint and olden,
 In the midst of flowery gardens;

Stands, where once a noble forest
Of the chestnut and the maple
Furnished shelter to the Chieftain
Eagle Feather and his children ;
Stands an unpretentious village,
Yet it's known in Indian romance
As the birthplace of a maiden,
Pale Face White Rose of the Wabash.

From this Pennsylvania valley
Had the Redman now departed,
Though a few among the mountains
Spent their summer times in hunting.

'Twas an evening late in autumn
In the year of seventy-seven,
When the hazel nuts were browning
And the chestnut burs were bursting,
That a little blue-eyed maiden
Who had scarcely reached a decade,
Left the village with her playmates
On a nutting expedition ;
And they wandered in their rambles
Up among the mountain spruces
In their quest for ripened chestnuts
And the luscious mountain berries,
Never for a moment heeding
That the sun was fast descending
Down behind the smoky summits
Of the distant Alleghenies,
And the evening shades were falling
Like a mantle o'er the valley.

Presently from out the brambles
 Came a young and stately chieftain,
 Chieftain of the great Miamis
 From the valley of the Wabash.
 Spying well the group of children,
 Brave Meschingo looked at Frances,
 Gazed upon her golden tresses
 And her dainty little fingers,
 And they seemed to please the fancy
 Of his mystic Indian nature.
 Thus Meschingo contemplated—
 “Me take little papoose pale face,
 Take her to my distant wigwam
 Standing by the rippling Wabash;
 Make my papoose Indian woman
 For my mighty son Meshaka.”

So he sprang among the children,
 And he seized the trembling Frances,
 Pressed her tightly to his bosom,
 Bore her toward the Alleghenies
 With the swiftness of an arrow
 And the lightness of a feather.
 Little Frances cried and struggled
 But in vain to gain her freedom.
 Brave Meschingo tried to soothe her
 With his papoose Indian stories,
 But his husky words were arrows
 Which but pierced her tender feelings.
 Many days and nights he bore her
 Through the storm and through the sunshine,
 Past the streams of sparkling waters,

Through the thickets and the forests,
Till at last he reached his village
In the land of the Miamis.

Little Frances cried and suffered
All the long and toilsome journey;
Ever called for mates and parents
But they came not at her bidding;
Came to see her many strangers
Quaint and curious in their manners;
Came to give her consolation
As she wept beside the wigwam.
Weeks of wakeful, restless watching
Caused her brow to burn with fever,
And for days upon a hammock
Did she talk in wild delirium
Of her home among the mountains
In the land of Pennsylvania.
Charmers came and tried to cure her,
Brave Meshaka sought to soothe her,
For his boyish Indian fancy
Was delighted with her being;
Loved to toy her golden ringlets;
Clasp her dainty little fingers;
Scan her eyes of azure blueness,
And her cheeks of rosy redness.

By his ever careful watching
Did he check the raging fever;
Healed her so she left the hammock
In the shade beside the wigwam;
Left it swinging empty laden

In the late autumnal breezes.
And there was a great rejoicing
All throughout that Indian village,
When the evil Spirit left her
And the fever had departed.

Young Meshaka taught her lessons
In his Indian signs and language,
And she seemed to take a fancy
To his curious noble nature,
As he sought to make her happy
By his little acts of kindness.

Fisherman was young Meshaka,
With no peer within the village,
As his eye could see the farthest,
And his hand could cast the straightest
Pikes beneath the turbid waters
In amongst a pool of fishes,
And he never failed at catching
Thus a finny tribal morsel.
Brave Meshaka loved to take her
In his birch canoe beside him,
And to dart across the river
Like an arrow through the shadows,
By the weeping willow branches
Which he plucked and cast beside her
In their flight along the water.

Few the years which came and vanished,
Ere Meshaka wooed and took her
As his squaw the pale face White Rose,
Lovely White Rose of the Wabash.

Indian language and their manners
Took possession of her being,
And she lost the gentle culture
Which she had in tender childhood ;
Yet she reared and ruled her household
With a mother's love and kindness.

Many years had come and vanished
And Meshaka with his fathers
Slept within the maple forest
Close beside the rippling river,
And his soul in peace departed
To its hunting ground forever.

Far spread wide this little romance
Of this White Rose of the Wabash,
How a child she had been taken
From her home among the mountains,
And had dwelt among the Redmen
In the land of the Miamis.

Came her brother, ag'd and hoary,
West to see his Indian sister ;
Came to bear her home in triumph
To the scenes of youthful pleasure,
But she said in broken English,
"Me love Indian home and children,
Go without your pale-face sister,
Let me die among my kindred,
Sleep beside the brave Meshaka
In the land of the Miamis."

CHIEF KOKOMO

SLEEP on, thou bronze-face Chieftain, sleep,
 While o'er thy mound the ivies creep,
 While o'er thy dust the willows weep
 And sigh a dirge, a roundelay;
 Thy warfare's o'er, O dusky brave,
 Thy victor is the silent grave
 And forest flowers that gently wave
 In sadness o'er thy mound of clay.

Old Chieftain Kokomo, sleep on,
 Dream not of Indian wars agone,
 Or sun dance on the woodland lawn
 Within the stately elm tree's shade;
 Though may thy spirit take its rounds
 Among forgotten Indian mounds
 Upon thy once fair hunting grounds
 And view the Dead Past, lowly laid.

Thy tented field of oaken bark
 Has gone to dust, and not a spark
 Of warriors' campfire lights the dark
 Adown the woodland's deep ravine;
 Thy log canoe and oars long rest
 Beneath fair Wildcats rippling breast
 Within the drifting sands unseen.

They have turned, for on the plain
 Thy children wage a war in vain,
 And bivouac with the slumbering slain

Beneath the hoary mountain's brow ;
The story of thy race is done
And, like the fiery setting sun,
Is sinking fast, is nearly run
And in thy memory we bow.

THE LAST OF THE MONTEZUMAS

LOW the mist hangs o'er the city,
Resting like a funeral pall
O'er the citadel and castle
And the ivy covered wall.

Naught amid the gloom but silence
Reigns supreme in every hold ;
For in blood we read the story,
And with death the tale is told.

Here the scepter and the mantle
Scattered lie beside the throne ;
Lie to crumble with the ashes
And to mix with blood and bone.

Here the Palace of the Aztecs
Lies in ruins on the shore,
While the spirit of its builder
Montezuma, breathes no more.

There the ruins of their temples
And their images divine

Tell alike of Spanish plunder
Of the altar and the shrine.

All throughout the leaguered city
Sleep a many a thousand dead,
Victims of the Spanish thunder
And their molten darts of lead.

Stripped the Aztec golden treasure,
But to feed the greedy flame
Of the avaricious Spaniards,
And to gloat Cortez's fame.

But alike the Spanish tyrant
And the Montezumas sleep,
While their deeds, their names and ashes
In the tomb of Time lie deep.

HOMESTEAD MEMORIES

BACKWARD roll in, thou floodtide of years,
Bear backward upon thy crest-laden waves
The scenes of the acts of my infantile days;
And let me to moist with penitent tears
The thousands of pictures that youth but engraves
On the shore where the spirit of Memory plays.

Let me behold the homestead once more,
Where gently I rocked in the cradle of youth,
And sought but to share the joys of a child,

While now as a man and not as of yore
I act both in deed and practice in truth
Life's sterner realities, pleasure beguiled.

Oh! let me to wander the old orchard o'er,
And let me to see the few moss-covered trees
That remain but to sigh in musical moan,
Whispered by winds in lyrical lore
Through the few shattered branches that hang in
the breeze
That they're left but as relics of yore all alone.

The old rustic cabin that stood by the road
Whose portals I ofttimes have entered with glee
Is no more to be seen on that once sacred spot,
But now in its place there stands an abode
More beautiful far, yet as dear e'er to me
As the home where my wife served her maiden-
hood lot.

The old barn of logs, with its ponderous doors
That hung on their old oaken hinges for years,
And screeched as they swung in the wild winter
air,
And the rafters, and beams, and tough puncheon floor
Have crumbled to dust, yet the spot it endears
With a modern barn, more finished and fair.

AUTUMN

'TIS Autumn and the chilling frost
 Is falling on the wold;
 The emerald of the leaf is lost
 Beneath the hue of gold.

The verdant carpet o'er the lea
 Is growing brown and bare,
 While stripped the stately forest tree
 Moans sadly here and there.

The aster of the wood is dead
 And scattered o'er the dale,
 No more it bends its blooming head
 Under the passing gale.

The myrtle and the ivy bloom
 No more in festoons weave
 About the door and latticed room
 Or trail along the eave.

The songsters of the wood have flown,
 Have sought a sunnier clime,
 Have left us to the earth alone
 Without their silvery chime.

THE TRAMP

HOW long is the road,
How dreary the track,
How heavy the load
That burdens my back,
As onward I tramp
O'er millions of ties,
While the heat and the dust
Are blinding my eyes.

The pebbles, they yield
To the touch of my feet,
But my shoes fail to shield
Where the gravel doth meet
With the sole of the shoe
Which nature hath wrought,
And the blood in my tracks
Betrayeth my lot.

How swiftly the steed,
Without bridle or rein,
Aye! onward doth speed
With high laden train;
And I pause, and I see
It's breathing of fire,
While I list to the rumble
Of wheels on the tire.

How quickly along
Doth it speed with its load,

While inward the throng
Looks out on the road
Mid the cloud of the dust
In the wake of the train,
And curse what they see,
The wandering swain.

Yet, onward I plod,
In the dust and the rain,
For many a year,
But ever in vain
Do I harp thus my life
On my discorded lyre
As I list to the notes
Of the wind and the wire.

“THE CABIN IN THE CLEARING”

TIS “the Cabin in the Clearing,”
By the little patch of corn
With its silken tassels, waving
In the breezes of the morn.

How I love that ancient cabin,
With its rafters bending low
With the seed corn, and the pumpkin,
From the little field below.

See, above the smoky mantle
Hangs the winter store of meat,

Of the venison and turkey,
Fitted food for kings to eat.

See the crane, within the chimney,
Swinging in the roaring blaze,
Bearing to and fro the kettle,
Filled with simmering, snowy maize.

In the forks above the door-way
Lays the flint-lock, loaded well,
For the prowling wolf and wildcat,
Of the deep sequestered dell.

Here I hear the merry music
Of the spindle and the wheel,
With the clatter of the shuttle,
And the creaking loom and reel.

But that Cabin's gone, forever ;
Aye ! its tale has long been told,
And it's dust adown the river
Mingles with the island's mold.

LOST LENOLA

AT THE coming of the twilight,
Near the heatherland of dreams,
Pause I, on the mystic border,
Where the sunlit shadow gleams ;
And a spirit floats before me,

Like the zephyrs, wafting o'er me
 In a golden light gondola;
 I now recognize Lenola,
 As the long lost spirit maiden
 From the temple mosque of Aidin.

Lost Lenola, long forgotten,
 Radiant Asiatic maiden,
 Priestess of the muse and fancy,
 Was this classic child of Aidin;
 Maid of mosque, and maid of story,
 Maid of sorrow, maid of glory;
 One whose sinless soul hath left us,
 And whose form hath long bereft us
 In the isle of golden meadows,
 In the mystic mosque of shadows.

Princess of the Persian muses,
 Long forgotten, lost Lenola,
 On the stream of rhyme and roses
 Passes not her light gondola,
 For her spirit dwells in heaven,
 And her dust is homeward driven;
 Aye! her urn has long been broken,
 And there is no sign or token
 Left to mark her path to glory,
 Or to tell her lyric story.

Ah! the mosque is still and silent,
 E'en silent as the "darkened room,"
 For no prayer is raised to heaven
 Over lost Lenola's tomb,

But the chanting bells remember
Near the never dying ember
On the Zorastorian altar,
And I hark the words, and falter,
"Cometh ne'er again Lenola
In the muses light gondola."

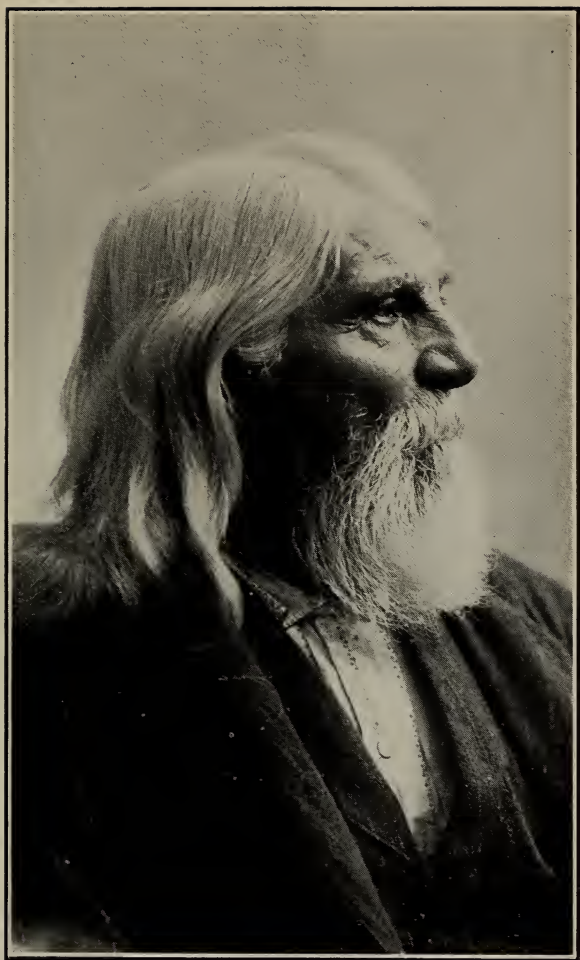
THE LAST OF THE MIAMIS

ONE by one in the silent tomb
The red Miamis are falling,
One by one from the Darkened Room
Each name the Great Spirit is calling.

One by one do the warriors fall
In the eve of their power and glory;
One by one do they read to us all
In their death a sorrowful story.

One by one do they leave the land
Where fought their fathers before them,
Drifting away like grains of sand
To the stream, where the water runs o'er them.

One by one do they go to that clime,
The Hunting Grounds over the river,
Defying the stroke of the cycle of Time,
They'll chase in that woodland forever.



GABE GODFREY, CHIEF OF THE MIAMIS

One by one is the birchen canoe
 Chained up on the bank of the river,
 While its spirit has gone to partake of the new,
 A gift of the Bountiful Giver.

No more we hear the splash of the oar
 Of the Indian fisherman gliding
 In his dug-out canoe from isle and shore
 To the pools where the fishes are hiding.

There are the graves of warriors at rest,
 Neath the shade of the elm and the willow,
 From the hills and dales of the distant west
 To the shore by the bounding billow.

THE OL' FISHIN' HOLE

'T WAS a bend in the creek just back o' the farm
 That was known far and near as the "ol' fishin'
 hole,"

To me as a boy it presented a charm,
 Whose picture forever will hang in my soul.

The waters above, they rippled along
 Over the pebbly bed of that wonderful stream,
 With the musical charm, to me of a song
 That the fairies had sung to me in a dream.

How many a day, when my work was all done,
 Have I hurried along with tackle and pole,

To bathe my vexed nature in an ocean of fun
By jerking revenge from that "ol' fishin' hole."

How I loved oft to sit on the old sycamore
And fish in the foam where the water was still,
Catching shadows of fish for hours, nothing more,
With sometimes a bite to strengthen my will.

Then again have the sucker, the "red-hoss" and cat
All suffered alike from the bait on my hook,
And I thought it a haven of bliss, while I sat
Watching bubbles float by near the bank of that
brook.

Years have flown by and the old sycamore
With the drift that it made have floated away,
While the "ol' fishin' hole," we know it no more,
For the spot where it was, is a cornfield today.

APRIL SHOWERS

SHOWERS, showers, yes April showers,
How I love to sit at the window for hours,
And look at the drops as they pattering fall
On the walk, and arbor, and pavement wall,
And eddy away in a silver stream,
As quickly as thought or the lines of a dream.

Rain, rain, yes the beautiful rain,
That pattering falls on the shingle and pane ;



"'T WAS A BEND IN THE CREEK JUST BACK OF THE FARM"

It covers the earth with an emerald hue
And mantles the bloom with purple and blue;
It gladdens the soul of the son of the soil,
And moistens the glebe for the hand of his toil.

Flowers, flowers, yes April flowers,
That bloom on the heather and over the bowers,
That laden the breeze with the breath of perfume,
That gladden the soul on the brink of the tomb;
How I love oft to bind in a radiant wreath
These beautiful gems fresh plucked from the heath.

With the sun and the flowers comes the warbling
throng
From the fields of the south with chirrup and song;
The lark and the linnet, the bluebird and jay
Sing the anthem of Morn at the dawn of the day,
And make the glad woods with melody ring
While they sit on the boughs in the breezes and swing.

THE COLLEGE OF THE WOOD

IN AN opening in a clearing
Stands a cabin made of logs,
Where our fathers chanted lessons
To the music of the frogs.

Close beside this rustic cabin
Flowed a tiny babbling brook,

Hither, thither through the woodland
Bending like an angler's hook.

'Tis the schoolhouse that our fathers
Called the "College of the Wood";
And I e'er revere that title
As one that's ever good.

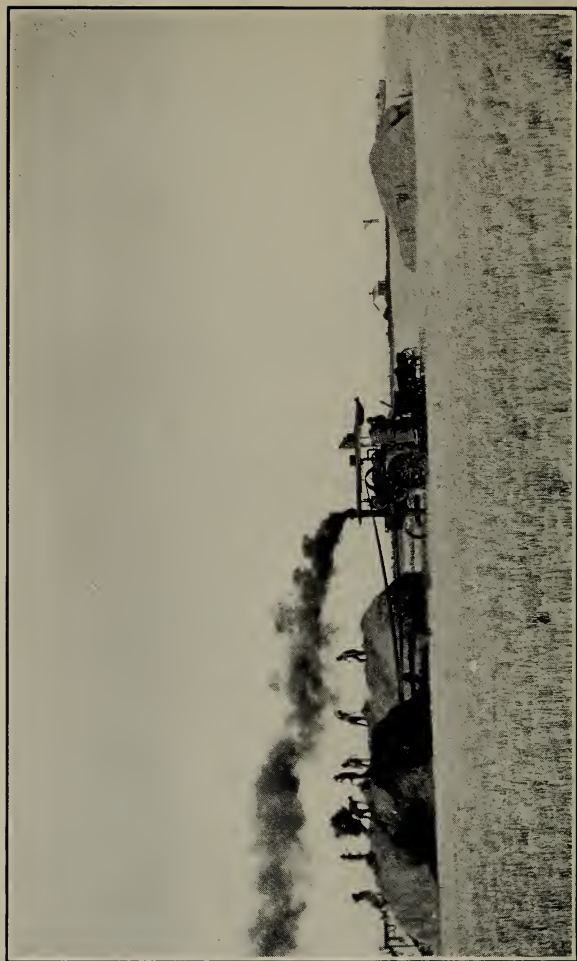
Here were benches made from saplings
Split in halves with legs below;
While upon the flattened surface
Sat the school of long ago.

In the wall there was an opening
Which they pasted paper o'er,
And they called this same a window,
Giving light and air galore.

Desks for books they had not any,
But a shelf along the wall
Held the writing pupil's paper,
And at night the books for all.

In the middle of the cabin
Was a hearth of earthen red;
While the chimney was an opening
In the roof just over head.

Fronting all, the puncheon table
Stood beside the master's stool,
With its surface scarred with "figgers,"
And with many a written rule.



"YES, AND WHEN THE WELCOME HARVEST CAME AROUND WITH TORRID HEAT"

Yet above the ancient doorway
 There remained the royal gad,
 Which had checked the bitter feelings
 Of the backwoods lass and lad.

As I leave the rustic cabin
 Seems I hear the chanting school,
 With an interlude of weeping,
 And the master's welting rule.

THE OLD FARM

MANY years have long been banished
 To the desert of the Past,
 Many days have come and vanished
 Since I saw the old farm last.

Now my thoughts like birds of passage.
 Scan the field of youthful years,
 And they search each glen and valley
 For the hidden spring of fears.

O'er the old farm long I wander
 In the byways as of yore,
 And upon the past I ponder
 As I oft have done before.

Here I see a fence is missing,
 One erected by my hands,
 And behold, the briars and thistles
 Have possession of the lands.

There's a giant oak decaying
Which in yore was verdant green,
And ere long it will be lying
Low, a mouldering pile, I ween.

All the orchard trees have perished
By the withering winds of years;
E'en no twig is left to tell us
Of the cause of youthful tears.

Now I turn my course and straightway
Pass in through the old barn door,
And as once I ope' each gateway,
And I walk the puncheon floor.

Here and there a sill is rotting,
And the beams seem giving way,
While the clap-board roof is plotting
Soon to mix with mire and clay.

In this same old barn I've rambled
All the merry summer day,
And with children, I have gamboled
O'er the mows of new mown hay.

Yes, and when the welcome harvest
Came around with torrid heat,
Toilers worked to glean and gather
And here mow the golden wheat.

Next I pass the cabin threshold
And upon the ancient hearth,

Long I stand there while reviewing
Scenes of transitory earth.

Scenes of long ago, forgotten,
Now come rushing on my mind,
And with fondest recollections
Lovingly become entwined.

Long I scanned the walls and ceiling
Covered with the dust of years,
And the books, and stool, and cradle,
Common stock of brother peers.

GRUBBING

LIKE "a dog at a root,"
In a tangle of shrubs
With mattox and axe
The buccaneer grubs,
And pulls from its place
Of alluvial dirt,
The hazel and briars,
Till he rippeth his shirt
From collar to waist
On the snag of a sprout,
And sweats as he swears,
Till he finally tears
The garment away from the sleeves;
And nothing he leaves,

Neither sprout or twig
That pesters his life
Both little and big.

The scythe and the briars
They never agree,
And quarrel where they lie,
While the reaper doth flee
Away from the scene
Of contention and strife,
With a vow that he'd clean
Up the whole patch of briars
At the risk of his life,
And burn in a girt
With the thought that the fires
Might atone for the shirt.

But soon doth the blaze
Like a hurricane run
In the bramble and grass
'Round the buccaneer son,
And he heaveth a sigh
Mid the smoke of the wood
While a tear in his eye
Betrayeth his mood.

Soon, alas, doth a coal
With his pantaloons meet
And burneth a hole,
Till the smouldering heat
Is visibly felt
Like a million of ants

Gnawing his hide
 In the cloth of his pants.
 And he finds when the smoke
 Of the battle is gone,
 He's left in the poke
 With one breeches leg on,
 While the other remains
 To burn with the trash,
 And tell of his pains
 To the dust of the ash.

Soon he homeward doth go
 At the close of the day,
 And dreams of his woe
 While sleeping he lay,
 And vows as he sleeps
 He never will hoe,
 Nor clean up again
 Another fence row.

AN EVENTIDE ELEGY

HARK! I hear the curfew calls,
 O'er the hills and castle walls
 From the distant Scottish lea
 To the cliffs beside the sea.
 How its echoes richly roll
 Through the corridors and halls
 Of the temple of my soul.

Sweetly from that crumbling tower
Curfew wells the evening hour
Of the world's surcease from care
And the time for rest and prayer;
As the twilight fades in gloom
I list to the tale it tells
Through the tower and charnel room,
"Time is dying," curfew wells.

Yea, I hear the huntsman's horn
From the field of barley corn,
As he homeward lugs the chase
Tired and tattered with the race
Through the thicket of the thorn,
Through the undergrowth of pine,
Through the fields of ripening corn
To his wife, his household shrine.

Now the clansmen of the glen,
Douglas lads and Douglas men,
Leave their cottage home and hearth
In the care of God and earth,
And they meet to strike the foe
Neath the cover of the night,
And to lay the tyrant low
In defense of life and right.

VACATION

WHEN the long summer days
 Of vacation have come,
 And the sun sends his rays
 From his azure blue dome
 In a torrent through rifts
 Of the cumulus cloud
 As it lazily drifts
 Through a glimmering shroud,
 I feel like a kettle
 Of boiling intents,
 Without purpose or mettle—
 I mean without cents.

To the homestead I go
 To spend my vacation,
 And tell all that I know
 Of a teacher's vexation;
 His joys and his sorrows,
 The surcease he borrows
 From books and from papers
 And 'gogical capers
 Of American youth.

The heat, how it hisses,
 How it boils and bubbles;
 It minnifies blisses,
 And magnifies troubles
 To the seeker of shade.
 The poor little creature,

He's so punily made
They call him a teacher.

Oh, my head! how it aches
In this sun, broiling hot.
I sigh for the "shakes"
In the place of this lot.
Hie me to shadows
Of maple and birch;
For the joys of the meadows
I'm tired of the search.

Take me back to my school
In the dell, where the cool
Gentle zephyrs blow past;
There to work till the last
In my mission for Truth.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE

MY MOTHER'S grave,
Above it wave
The long and tangled locks of grass,
O'er it play
All the day
Daisies fanned by winds that pass.

All day long
The thrush's song
Is warbled with so sweet a sound;

Each dawn
 Brings on
 The songster to that silent mound.
 The golden leaves
 From hawthorn greaves
 Fall gently o'er my mother's form;
 From bushy fen
 From glade and glen,
 Come tributes ere the wintry storm.

The snow cloud
 Brings a shroud
 And winds it 'round that lonely urn;
 It comes, it goes,
 The falling and the melting snows
 Like scenes of life they go, return.
 The springtime sun
 Brings one by one
 The tender flowerets from the dust,
 Some red, some white as snow,
 They bud and blow,
 And fall before the April gust.

THE OLD ARM CHAIR

TO AND fro across the floor,
 Fifty years perhaps or more,
 Has that aged rocking chair
 Borne to rest, aye many a care.

Rocked its mission, fifty years,
Soothing souls and drying tears
Of the aching mind and frame
Of the weary and the lame.

Ofttimes when a babe I've crept
Into e'en that chair and slept
While my mother breathed a prayer
On me in that old arm chair.

Rest no more do I e'en there,
Know I not that mother's care,
For in death amid the gloom
She sleeps within the darkened room.

Could it tell its story o'er
And its many secrets pour
Forth, 'twould bless a myriad dead
Who in it have rocked and read.

Still a keepsake does it stand,
Handed down from hand to hand,
And will tell in mystic lore
Its missioned time yet fifty more.

AN INDIAN RESERVE REVERIE

WAL folkses hits bin forty years jist today
Since I entered my fust quarter section o' land,
An' my how them years has dwindled away,
Yet a day at a time, like the grains o' the sand

Dribblin' down through the hour glass o' Time.

Yes, Betsy an' me, we come to the west
When the forest was green, an' nothin' amiss,
An' we've bin workin' away, as seemed to us best
Through these years that have brought both sorrow
and bliss

Many threads in our weaving of rhyme.

Yes, Betsy an' me, we cut down the trees,

An' we hewed 'em an' laid up the ol' cabin walls,
An' we daubed up the cracks to keep out the breeze,
An' with cla'boards we kivered it all
To keep out the sleet, the rain an' the snow.

The chimblly was built of mortar an' straw
With a fire place below, so broad an' so high,
With a draft so mighty that need be would draw
Half a cord at a time into smoke to the sky
While the coals would remain to sparkle below.

The kitchen, an' parlor, an' bedroom were one

With a pantry jist over the jamb,
While over the door in the forks lay the gun,
While the "punkin," an' seed corn, an' yam
Hung in rows to the beams overhead.

The shelves, an' the table o' cla'boards were made,
An' the benches o' logs even shorn,
An' the floor out o' puncheons, with cracks overlaid
With mats from the husk o' the corn,
That served us as well for carpet an' bed.

The broad, heavy door was made from a slab,
An' on great wooden hinges it swung,

While from the latch the sole leather tab
Out on the end o' the latchet string hung,
An' bore a glad welcome to all.

Our critters we kept in a stable o' poles,
An' we fed 'em in mangers we made out o' brush,
While the hogs, an' the geese frequented the holes
By the pond in the calimus slush
Till they come at the feedin' time call.

Yes, Betsy and me, we cut down the trees,
An' we niggered, an' rolled into heaps,
An' many a night we worked busy as bees
To trash up that clarin' for keeps,
An' burn up the logs an' the trash;
An' when every bit o' the clarin' was done
We broke it with jumper an' hoe,
An' then with a plow the long furries run,
Then planted the corn in a row,
To grow in the dust o' the ash.

DREAMS

IN MY cabin sat I only
In the eventide so lonely,
Dreaming of the spectered shadows
Creeping o'er the hills and meadows,
And the fairies flit before me,
As from out my hand they flurry
To and fro across the table,
And they seem to make a babel

Of my pile of ancient lore
Stacked upon the oaken floor.

Oft they'd come and oft they'd leave me
And as oft they'd vex and grieve me,
When alike the dying ember
Would each fairy, mystic member
Leave me still to nod and wonder,
And to snore,—I dreamt 'twas thunder,
When all at once from out the plunder
In the corner came a woman,
Fairest of all fair that's human,
And I thought her gently basking
In my arms and was just asking
Her to be my dearest Molly,—
Here to have her do my baking
And my patching and my making,—
When at once the true and trusted
Left me and the vision busted.

Suddenly I heard a mumble
Then there came a mighty tumble,
And amidst the clash and clatter
I there knocked the crock of batter
Out upon the oaken floor,
And I vowed I'd never grumble
And I'd nod so never more.

WINTER

HE'S come at last. Old winter's here
Come voices from the street;
Yes, here to stay nigh half the year
And make our joys complete.

The circle of the season moves
A mystic round of change;
The scenes of death, of life and love
Are bounded by its range.

The harvest time of wheat has come
The autumn plucking past;
Beside the roaring fire at home
The farmer takes repast.

Yes, calmly waits the springtime sun
To melt the crystal snow,
To warm the earth, that one by one
The seeds may germinate below.

Half dozing sits beside the fire
The lordly, landed swain;
His weary brain becomes the sire
Of dreams of golden grain,

That wave in acres o'er the lea
Beneath a summer's sun,
While mutters to himself that he
A life's half course hath run;



"HE'S COME AT LAST. OLD WINTER'S HERE."

And coffers now no fuller seem
 Than when the course began,
 Though into it flows e'er the stream
 That makes of greed the man.

The spindles and the wheel of yore,
 That once whirred hours away,
 Beside the winter fire no more
 Hum a sweet roundelay.

They've taken places with the things
 That made the pioneers,
 Their songs are sung; yet ever rings
 Their dirge adown the years.

The house wife now so nimbly plies
 The shuttle with its thread,
 And to its task the needle flies
 So swiftly at her tread.

The children now so comely grown
 Around the table sit,
 And ply aloud and now alone
 Their repartee and wit.

Their college lives have made them men,
 Well fitted for a sphere
 Of higher, nobler life, than when
 Man's brawn was mental peer.

The blinding sheet of crystal snow
 In fairy eddies falls,

Borne by the gusty winds that blow
From chill Thorean halls.

The jingle of the bells so sweet
Like silver vespers ring,
As chargers dash along the street
As heralds of a king.

The icy mantled pool and lake
Cracks to the skaters steel;
The glassy floor it seems to quake
At the touch of his iron heel.

The school boy plies his busy trade
Of placing men in forts,
Then sees the things that he has made
Destroyed in warlike sports.

So oft we build high castle moles
Then tear them down with play,
And fail to build the men with souls
That live eternally.

MARCH

HEAR the whisking of the breeze
Through the northern sea of pines,
As the breath of cruel Thor
Waging elemental war
With the frosted clump of vines
And the icy mantled trees.

Aye the cat bird and the wren
 From the shaggy locks of fir
 On the long deserted land
 Of the southern sunny sand,
 Sing unto the winds astir
 Notes that March has come again.

Hark! I hear the rolling peal,
 Mid the rocky crags and caves,
 Where the shore and ocean meet;
 'Tis the winds of March that greet,
 And that kiss the lashing waves,
 As they from the north land steal.

How the hurried breath of Spring
 Comes adown the wooded dell
 Bending low the maple tree,
 And the hemlock in its glee,
 While the orchard trees all tell
 They too have felt the old March king.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S ROCKER

HOW my grandmother's rocker that stood by the
 wall
 In visions I often its shadows recall;
 Love to fix in my mind in my wandering dreams,
 That old-fashioned rocker, as used to it seems.

How I love oft to dream of my grandmother's face
As she smiles while she sits in her old, honored place,
In the nook that I cherish to often recall,
So cozy and snug nigh the hearth and the wall.

That time honored chair no more does it rock
To and fro o'er the floor to the tick of the clock,
No more do its shadows flit over the floor
In the rays of the sun through the half open door.

No more do the children climb over its arm
Into grandmother's lap from danger and harm,
No more does she rock them to sleep with the tune
Of "Old Mother Goose" or "The Man in the Moon."

To and fro did it go for eighty long years
Performing its mission mid gladness and tears,
But at last from its age did it tottering fall
In its long honored place by the hearth and the wall.

DEBT

GONE on the winds of the morn of my life,
Vanished like, spirit like, wafted away,
Went the ship of Good Fortune from scenes of my
 strife,
And left me, bereft me, in the billowy way.

Left me alone in the ocean of Debt,
 Nearly friendless, defendless, the breakers to meet;

All alone with my fate my cause to abet,
And bravely, yet gravely discouragements meet.

Left oarless and rudderless out in the seas,
Floats my barque in the dark and the gloom of the
night,
But ere long with our sail which catches the breeze
We'll be borne full at morn to the port that's in sight.

OUR UNNUMBERED DEAD

SCARCELY has the boom of cannon
Ceased to echo in the land,
And the thunder of the battle
Died upon the southern sand:

Scarcely has the smoke ascended
From the rolling cannon's mouth,
And the strife of war has ended
In the distant sunny south:

Scarcely has the clang and clatter
Of a million steeds of war,
Ceased to greet our wearied hearing
From the bloody field afar:

Scarcely have the groans of heroes
Ceased to echo on our ears,
And the moans of dying thousands
Ceased to rouse our many fears:

When we hear across the ocean
Millions marshaling for war,
And the roll of empires calling
To the bivouac from afar.

Hark! It seems I hear the music
And the distant martial tread,
And the roll seems surely beating
For the gath'ring of the dead.

Though that strife of blood and thunder
Is as yesterday to me,
Yet more than two score years have vanished
Since Sumpter crumbled by the sea.

Yet we gladly do remember
All the acts of heroes dead,
And we wreath their graves in honor
Of the deeds for which they bled.

THE OUTCAST

A BLINDING sheet swept through the street
Of crystal snow and misty rain
And eddied on across each lawn
To strike upon each window pane.

A dismal sound like this around
Struck e'en with dread upon the ear,

And sent a thrill as if to chill
The fairest hopes of life so dear.

The marble shaft whose steady draught
Draws life into its final goal
Gazed on the scene with looks serene,
Yet such as mock the troubled soul.

E'en while the gale with bitter wail
Swept throughout the dismal town,
A maid, once fair, with flowing hair
Was in the storm that dashed around.

Shame told the tale and left a trail
Of trouble on that sunken cheek.
Alas! disgrace upon that face
Was stamped there too by trials bleak.

Yet o'er the stone she tread alone
Till darkness dropped her curtains round.
Then in her way, as if to pray,
She sank in slumber to the ground.

The moonlight glare shed faintly there
Her light upon the icy street
And ere the storm had lulled, a form
Lay there, a corpse, with winding sheet
Of snow and misty rain and sleet.

TEARS

SOME tears that are shed are but raindrops
From the clouds of sorrow and pain,
That make up the river of Anguish
That flows to the Stygian main.

Such curse life's better emotions,
Then waft them away in the flow,
And damn life's higher devotions
Forever to regions below.

They fill up life's cup with the wormwood
And wash, as the shells from the shore,
Our efforts of childhood and manhood,
And leave us a blank more and more.

Each shed is a volume of sorrow,
Which none but the sorrowful eyes
Can read in the light of tomorrow,
Across the sad Ocean of Sighs.

Other tears are the drops of affection
From the well-springs deep in our hearts,
That are bidden at Heaven's direction
To wash out the stain passion imparts.

They seem but to bear us a token
From our Father and the angels above,
When we weep, as the Bible hath spoken,
Like the Savior, the teardrops of love.

AUTUMN LEAVES

THE golden leaves are falling fast
 In woodland glade and glen,
 They rustle to the autumn blast
 Along the sedgy fen.

The purple maples cast their coats
 Upon the grassy mounds;
 They sing in harmony the notes
 Of Life's unceasing rounds.

The oaken leaves by magic cling
 Close to the parent stem,
 Till the frosty winds of winter fling
 This spell away from them.

The hawthorn rustles by the way
 And sighs a funeral song;
 Dame nature seems to mourn the day
 That brought this leafy throng.

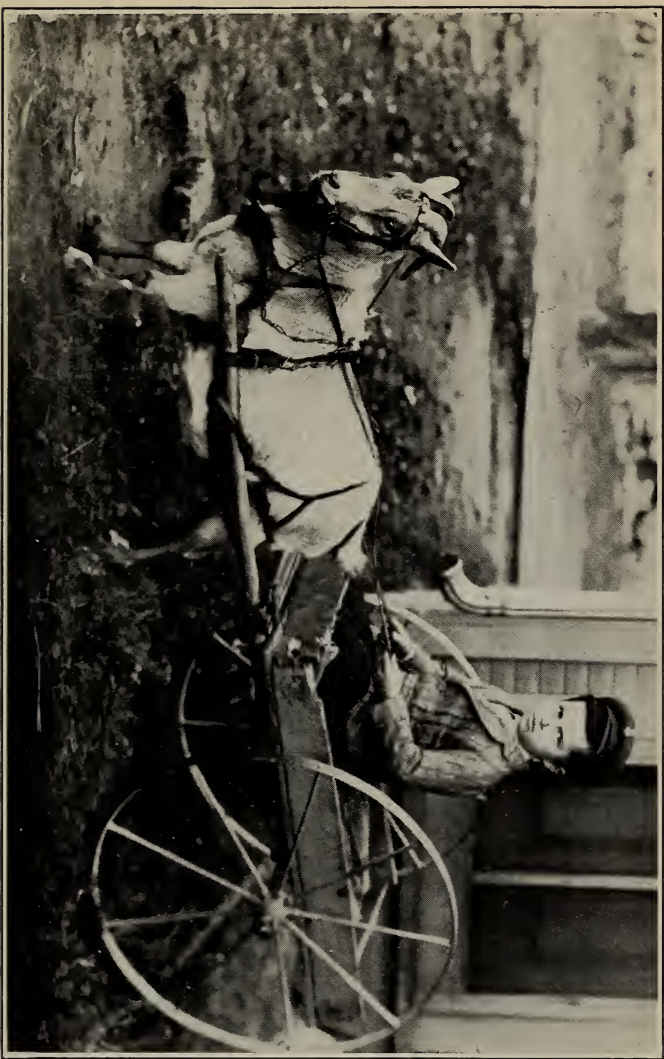
Old Frost, the painter, touches all
 With gold and auburn hue,
 And bids them hearken to the call,
 Of Death, that beckons you.

TO MY NEPHEW, HOMER

ROLICKING, frolicking, busy boy,
Cracking with fun
Like a gatling gun,
Ready to break his jar of joy
With laugh and halloo
Like drops of dew
That spangle some childish rainbow toy
For the sprites that dance
On a sunbeam lance
And crown him the Homer, le Roi.

With his rickity, rackity, ripity rap
And his ratty tat tat
He pesters the cat
And pinches her tail in a trap.
He hatches a laugh
When he hitches the calf
To the cart with a rope and a strap;
He punches the pig
And dances a jig
For the chicks with his flipity flap.

It was rattlety bang, and lickity lick
Till Nanny she shied
At her ghost and died
And shuffled her hide with a trick;
They buried her bones
Down under the stones
In the lot with biddy the chick



"TIL NANNIE SHE SHIED AT HER GHOST AND DIED"

So glad at last
That all was past
With the lash of the hickory stick.

Humpity dumpity, whoopity whoop
He's gone like a dart
With a calf and a cart
And the noise of a cavalry troop
With his flipity flop;
He never can stop
Till he's rattled around the loop
And heard the call
Over the garden wall,
"Come in or you'll die with the croup."

To the klingety, klingety, klingety, klang,
He went to the school
Of the Golden Rule
And beautifully, dutifully ciphered and sang;
He learned to read
And gather the seed
Of beautiful flowers that trustfully hang
Their heads and weep
Ere they go to sleep
To the dirge that the musical blue-bells rang.

And yet withal
Thou little flower
With morn of life's bright glow
Of joy upon the crimson cheeks
Within the bower
Of fair haired youth thou seeks

To break thy bonds and know
What is beyond thy ken,
And woven in the coarser woof
With the weavement warp of men
Beneath the firm yet gentle cave
Of Eva thy fair preceptress
And those divinely taught
To guide thy footsteps
From whose heart altars
Ariseth incense as a prayer
To Him who hath wrought
The mystery of life
That thy footsteps may not falter
Nor sinuous be thy path;
Watch well the earthen lamps
That learning binds upon thy feet;
Look to their fastenings
That they entangle not;
See whether they give thee light
Or be a cause of stumbling
In the greater arena
Thou must enter soon.
May the noonning of thy day
Far more a sesame be to bless
The weary in thy way,
And thy sundown golden
With the gleam
Of God's own righteousness.

TO THE HON. BENJAMIN S. PARKER

HOOSIER BARD

IN HONOR OF HIS FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY

FIFTY years have come and gone
 Down the mystic stream of Time,
 And the greyer light of dawn
 Of his morn of prose and rhyme
 Hath departed long ago;
 And beneath a summer's sun
 At the noontide of his life
 Doth he live and seek to know
 Where the deeper waters run
 In the Muses classic stream
 And where richer pearls are rife
 That adorn a poet's theme.

Many years of ardent toil
 In the greenwood long ago
 As a tiller of the soil
 And disciple of the hoe,
 As a gleaner of the corn
 In the golden colored sheaf,
 As a woodsman toiling hard,
 Till the distant supper horn
 Sounded on his ear, relief
 From the scenes of weal and woe,
 Scenes which he as Hoosier bard
 Paints as acts of long ago.

Many years with powerful pen
Did he wage a ceaseless war
On the acts of vicious men,
Acts which honest men abhor ;
And the keen Damascus steel
Of his sabre ne'er was bent
In his conflict for the Right,
While he made his foes to feel
He would die but not relent,
He would fall but never cower,
Though around him in the fight
Fell the missiles in a shower.

Fifty years have flown away
Like the phantom of a dream,
Raven locks have turned to grey,
Yet that furrowed brow doth gleam
Forth the fire within his soul ;
And his eyes of hazel hue
Sparkle brighter with his age
While his master mind doth toll
To the "long ago" adieu,
While his lyric pen in hand
Writes his name as poet, sage,
For his native Hoosier land.

MY GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

O H! THAT old wooden clock that my grandfather
had,

That stood on the mantle-tree over the fire,
That caused me to wonder when I was a lad,
As it ticked off the hours on its musical wire,
How I loved long to stand and to wait oftentimes
In a chair by that clock and to list to its chimes.

By the tick of that clock enchanted I stood,
Many times, as I gazed on its wonderful face,
Or sat by the hearth on a pile of fire-wood
And thought of the clock, as it stood in its place,
With its hands mysteriously turning around
And its wheels whirring on, with a buzzing-like sound.

Ah! that old wooden clock no more does it chime,
And tell of the hours that are passing away,
No more does it tick to the movement of Time,
And measure the moments to us day after day;
For fifty long years has it stood in its place
And told us the time by the hands on its face.

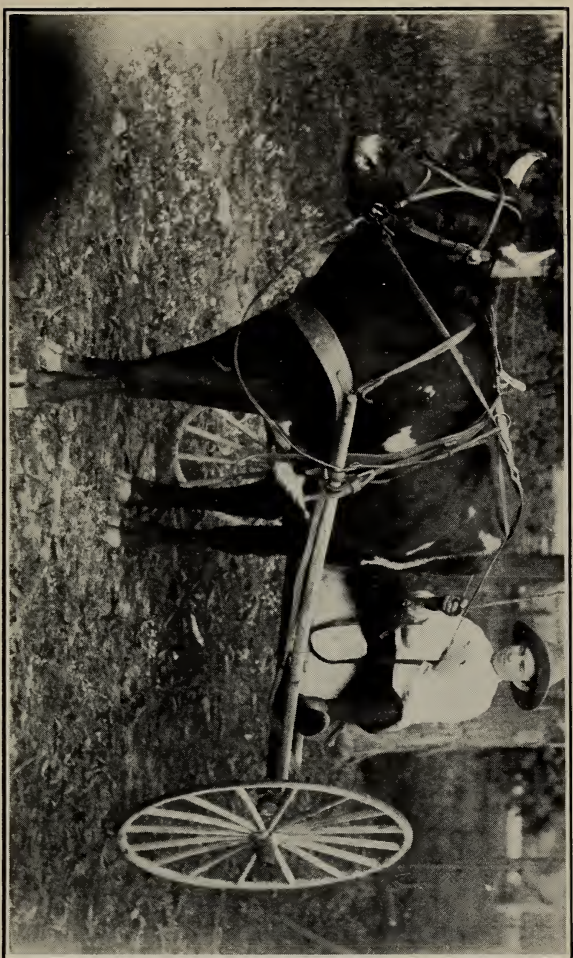
It has run down at last never more to be wound
Up again by the hands of its owner of yore.
Every wheel which is worn has ceased in its round,
And the wire rings a chime to us never more,
While we sigh as we look at that old wooden clock
We hear from the past its silent tick-tock.

TO MY BROTHER, JOHN J. FELLOW
AND WIFE

SIX and forty years ago,
When the earth was wrapped in snow,
Came a stranger to our door ;
Lusty little lad of light,
Somewhat bigger than a mite ;
With a squall—forever more—
Equal to an Irish wake,
When old bedlam was at stake,
As we waltzed him o'er the floor
With a paragoric vial
Trying hard to make him smile.

Little royster came to us
With a lot of fuzz and fuss,
Filling all with wondrous joy ;
Sister Lissy, Henry C.,
Shouted in their merry glee
That the youngster was a boy.
Baby brother, full of squall,
Full as Nick of kick and sprall
When he couldn't get his toy,
And we had to cough 'er up,
Baby doll or Billy pup.

As the youngster grew apace
He led pap a merry chase
To keep in gunshot of his viz,



"HITCH UP BUCK AND DRIVE AWAY"

Breakin' Billy goats to work
 With his double triggered jerk;
 All the road was counted his
 When old Billy with his cart
 Challenged every horse a start;
 Then it was his dander riz,
 And he shot with cart and kid,
 Like old Jehu riders rid.

At the ghost of death he shied;
 Yet the Billy goat he died,
 Died because he couldn't live,
 Just because he went to drink
 From the bubbling crystal brink
 Of the spring, and in he div
 At the shadow of his such
 And he butted once too much,
 And he never more will give
 Aught for ashes to the chap,
 Who had taught him to gid-dap.

Next a calf astride he rode
 Adown the muddy country road,
 Gave it the classic name of Buck;
 Tried to teach the lesson "Thee
 Better haw, 'er I'll make thee gee
 A rod around the muddy chuck;"
 But in they went, the chap and calf,
 And from the stump there came a laugh,
 For in the middle there they stuck,
 And you "orter seed" the fun,
 And bet which spattered roadster won.

Hitch up Buck and drive away
In an old jinrickishe ;
Or some times when the snows were deep
He'd hook up to a sleigh and hie
To the village, bye and bye ;
And his comrades loved to leap
Into the sled, and here they went
Helter, skelter, mischief bent ;
But the roadster shied a "heap,"
And at last he spilled 'em out
In a snowdrift mid a shout.

Swimmin' was a special phase
Of this royster's early days ;
He could swim, er tread, er float,
Er dive a circle in the crick,
Walk his stilts, er turn a trick ;
Crack the Discipline by note,
And sing a song Camp Meetin' style
That quaked the Elders all the while,
So down they classed him as a goat,
For nothin' good but loaf and laugh,
This singin' chap who rode the calf.

Midst all these years
Down deep a-heart
Life's redder blood coursed through his veins.
Life's greater songs he learned to sing
In sadder strains, tuned to unseen chords,
That seraphs strike upon their lyres,
When souls are born into the kingdom of His Grace.

Beneath the bubbling surface of the brook
 A current clear and steady flowed
 Onward to the sea of boundless Life!
 He caught the music of the spheres
 And learned unselfishly to sing
 "To love thy neighbor as thyself."

The cares of life since youth's fair day
 Have ofttimes cast their gloom across his path,
 And plowed deep furrows in his face,
 And bent his shoulders with their weight.
 He boldly stands the struggle
 And the stress of counter currents,
 That strive to carry down to unknown depths;
 And from the watch tower signals with his might
 Some sailless craft that plows the billows
 On the unknown seas of Doubt and Death,
 And points them to a portage safe and sure,
 Whose clearance knows no going out
 To boistrous seas again.

For six and twenty years
 Thou and thy devoted wife have walked
 Through shadow and through shine.
 One flower divinely given yet remains
 To bless and sanctify the way.
 Once the Angel with his reaper came
 And garnered one, and knocked
 Yet twice again, but entered not
 Because of labor unfulfilled,
 And left with whispered words,
 "Here yet remain till closing of the day,

And gather in more sheaves into my garner
Ere you enter my silent corridors
And lie down with the hosts unnumbered
Gone before."

FLOWERS

WE PLUCK the flowers of love and truth,
Adown the winding path of youth,
And twirl the garlands in a wreath,
And cast them on the fragrant heath
Of Hope, to bloom a brighter hue,
To drink the sun and sparkling dew,
And with them sweeter thoughts entwine
Our joys expectant and divine.

TO OUR AGED GRANDMOTHER,
JEMIMA STANLEY

ON HER EIGHTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY

AGED veteran of the cross,
For four score years and seven,
Thou hast the sea of Life across
Sailed smoothly toward the port of Heaven.

Blest be the bonds that bind thee here,
And thrice be blest thy deeds of love;

Yea, acts that make thy life so dear
To mortals and to those above.

Long has the daystar of thy life
Shown brightly in thy sky o'er head,
And may it shine amid the strife
Yet many years, though with the dead

Thou slumbers, while above thy grave
The tangled locks of frosted grass,
Fanned by the Autumn winds e'en wave,
And sigh a dirge as thy mourners pass.

Thanks be to Him who reigns on high,
Who hath thus blest thy life so long,
Who hath thus brought our lives so nigh,
That I can pen a rythmic song

In memoir of thy life so grand,
So noble, useful spent and true,
Thy deeds of love on every hand
That rise before my mind in view.

May I thy grandson sing to thee
A requiem song, a funeral dirge,
When e'en the Angel Death to me
Has said 'tis done and o'er the verge

Of welcomed death, with palsied feet
Thou steps, and wends thy way
To Heaven's portal there to meet
Thy joy supreme, the Lord of Day.

THE WORLD AND CHURCH

THE WORLD

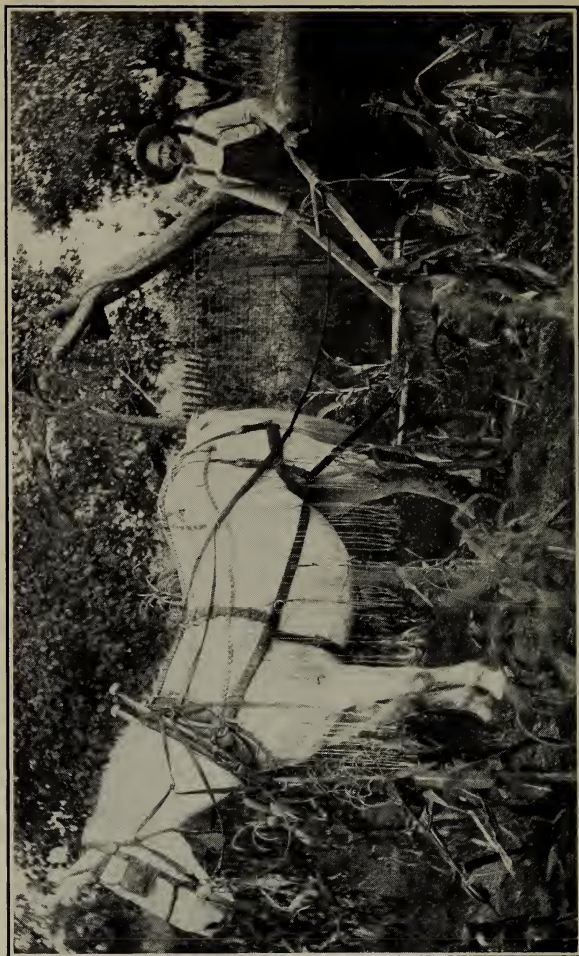
COLD blows without the wintry blast,
Low hangs adrift the blinding sheet
Of snow and misty rain and sleet;
And all the earth seems overcast
And shrouded in a funeral pall,
A cold and pulseless corpse to all.

The moral world moves coolly by,
No time to bless the poor, nor save
The struggling hero from the wave
Of Adverse Fortune rolling high;
And every man, cursed be his sphere,
Who knows another man his peer.

THE FORMAL CHURCH

The Formal Church seems deathly chill,
A figure-head, with but a life
Of inward turmoil, hate and strife;
And seems its mission and its will
To stab with many a cruel dart
The earnest, honest, Christian heart.

To God its prayers ascend with scorn;
Pride reigns supreme in every mind;
Its worship is the fitliest kind
To curse the living and unborn,
And chime to them a funeral knell
Whose peels fore'er resound in hell.



"HOW I LOVE AT EARLY MORN TO HARNESS UP THE STEED"

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH

The Christian Church, blest be its cord
 That binds true hearts in one with God
 Who rules with Love His sceptered rod;
 The church that knows the risen Lord
 To be its Savior, Christ and King,
 And unto Him its praises ring.

A church, whose members know but love
 For every man, both rich and poor,
 In every clime, on every shore;
 A church whose grace is from above,
 Whose care and mission is to all
 To plead Redemption from the Fall.

FARM BALLAD

HOW oft I love at early morn
 To harness up the steed,
 And hasten to the field of corn
 Below the orchard mead,
 And plow, while from the east
 The sun is shining through
 The branching apple trees,
 And glistening in the dew
 Upon the satin blade
 That waves within the breeze
 Through streaks of sun and shade.

The gentle zephyrs waft the bloom
Adown the tassel rows,
High laden with a rich perfume
Of linden and the rose;
And fall like gentle showers
From Peri's paradise,
The garden of the gods
And wildwood of the skies,
Upon my head that nods
To Him, who is all wise.

The tiny stalklet upward grows
Alike through shade and light,
While on the roots the plowshare throws
The loomy soil aright;
And while the silken laden shoot
Grows steadily in length
Alike through sun and rain,
So downward grows the root
To give the stalklet strength
To bear the golden grain.

And when the evening shadows come
Alike o'er glen and glade,
I leave the field and hasten home,
And then with angle spade,
As well with line and hook,
I seek retreat and rest
Beneath the maple shade
Beside the babbling brook,
And catch the spotted trout
Upon the baited crook
That bears the worm about.

THE LONG AGO

NO MORE we hear the merry shout
 Of huskers for the corn,
 Who gathered in for miles about,
 When signaled by the horn.

No more we see those pioneers
 Tearing with measured sweep
 The husk from off the golden ears,
 And casting in a heap.

No more the score of yeomen strong
 Assemble on the scene
 With spikes to bear the logs along,
 And roll for neighbor Green.

Aye! the fires the heaps of oak
 Have burned long, long ago,
 And on the gale the ash and smoke
 Have settled with the glow.

No more the ruddy lasses meet
 To toil with wheel and brake,
 While some at kneading strive to beat
 The frolic johnny-cake.

No more the cabin's puncheon floor
 With dancing feet resounds,
 While four score hands in "all hands four"
 Join in the giddy rounds.

No more we hear the violin
Nor merry frolic dance,
But memories e'en of such again
Some minds and thoughts entrance.

Yes, where's the old log church today
That stood beside the stream,
Where oft our fathers met to pray
And help mankind redeem?

'Tis gone to dust; the oaken walls
Are buried in the earth;
The dust has drifted down the falls
Toward the far-off isle of birth.

How quickly has the hand of Time
Laid bare his mighty arm;
Has cleared the field and rung a chime
Of change o'er town and farm.

THOUGHTS

LIFE is a jostling train
The mind its mighty steed,
The soul the engineer;
On like the thundering main
It rushes with lightning speed
With thoughts for passengers.

THE BACHELOR'S HALL

OH! WONDERFUL shack is a bachelor's hall,
 With its scattered ware and dingy wall,
 With its broken dishes and harness rings,
 With its knives and forks and hempen strings
 All heaped together in a cupboard shelf,
 The stock and store of a bachelor elf.

With a broken hinge and many a scar,
 The door of the hall is swinging ajar;
 Is banging away like a battledore,
 And creaks as it swings like a bachelor's snore;
 And makes one think of the door of the Ark
 That good Noah made out of Chittam bark.

Here are chickens, a hundred or more,
 Roosting around on the stove and floor,
 Chirping away in a musical strain
 As the bachelor scatters the golden grain
 Around upon benches and backless chairs
 And the broken steps of the rickety stairs.

Here, leafless and almost legless, stands
 A table constructed by bachelor hands;
 And by it looks on so candidly cool
 The slightest remains of a broken stool;
 While nestled close by so cozy and snug
 Is a Thomas cat asleep on a rug.

Scattered around are his skillets and pails,
 Supported by benches and headless nails;

While a dish and a half or two are seen
O'erladen with scraps and a rusty bean
And a broken rib of an ancient veal,
The sad remains of a bachelor's meal.

His hound, a wonderful dog is he,
If eating of bread and catching a flea
Are truthful traits of a nature bold;
This hall could never this canine hold,
So he ran by a wire and a rusty chain
From the barn to the house in the heat and the rain.

I love to sit and in visions recall
The fanciful scenes of a bachelor's hall;
To dream of him stitching with needle and thread,
Of him darning his socks and kneading his bread,
And to think of him working a rickety churn
That's run by a crank with a musical turn.

THE OUTCAST'S LAMENT

OUT on the ocean of Life so drear
I wander so lonely, so troubled with fear;
Thinking, yes, knowing, that never a tear
Of Love will fall on the head of my bier.

Out on the distant wilderness wild,
I wander an outcast, pitiful child,
That none care to help, but all seem beguiled
To curse my existence, outcast and defiled.

The gloom and the shadow, they hover around,
The wing of the tempest sweeps over the mound,
And chills every vestige of life in its round,
And blasts all the hopes that an orphan e'er found.

The storm clouds of life may thunder and roll,
And may lighten me down to the last mortal goal;
But never a chime on yon steeple will toll
The last sad rites of my perishing soul.

THE WELL OF YORE

AH! TO and fro across the well
Has that oaken bucket swung
For fifty years perhaps or more,
Although in silence has it hung,
It doth its story ever tell
Of its mission long of yore.

Yes, perhaps a thousand times
Has that oaken bucket fell
In the crystal flood below,
In the dark resounding well,
And the rippling water chimes
On the vessel hanging low.

How many times that ancient sweep
Has creaked upon the noon-day air,
While lowing herds come down the dale,
From barn and yard and every where,

And 'neath the pond'rous lever creep
To drink the water from the pail.

How oft the teamster loves to stop
Beside the well, and let his team
Drink from the trough to quench their thirst,
While into it he pours a stream ;
But soon to let the bucket drop
To rise again as full as first.

The creaking of that ancient sweep
Is just a song of long ago,
Which but our fathers ever knew.
Yes, we have stood and heard its low
Discordant notes, that made us weep
While thinking of the old and new.

The crumbling curb, the rotten gum
That stands half sunken in the earth,
The fence around, that father laid,
Are precious relics, rich with worth
To all the wondering ones that come
To view the well our fathers made.

TO MY LITTLE COUSIN, MARY MARTIN

LITTLE lance of sunshine,
Little angel smile,
Little sylph of Undine—
Here a little while.

Little tiny sunbeam
From the farther shore,
Sweeter than a nymph-dream
Of some ancient lore.

Rarest little jewel
From the mine of Life,
Sweeter than a dew well
With its sweets so rife.

Little rose of beauty
From the garden "Love,"
Blessing you with duty,
Given from Heaven above.

Blessed little treasure
From the throne of Him
Who blesses without measure,
Who fills our cups abrim.

We love thy childish prattle,
Thy sparkling little eyes,
Thy joyous romp and rattle,
With love that never dies.

Sweet little Mary darling,
So like an angel dream,
A swift-winged Heaven starling
A-flying down the stream.

Go forth, thou blush of morning,
And lighten up the skies
Of sad hearts, thus adorning
With the sunshine of thine eyes.

THE DEATH OF TIME

FROM the Eons hear the chime,
'Tis the funeral dirge of Time
Rung forth by the clanging spheres
On the muffled bell of Years.
And I hear a like refrain
From the starry funeral train
Moving through the azure clime,
To the far-off tomb of Time,
And there along its crumbling verge
To toll as well Creation's dirge.

REVERIES

ROCKING, rocking, rocking,
As I listen to the ticking
Of the old wall clock on the stairs ;
Tick, tock, rick, rock,
To the creaking of the rocker,
And the clicking of the knocker
At the bidding of the wind unawares.

Rocking, rocking, rocking,
As I listen to the jingle
Of the frosty Christus Kringle of the night ;
Tick, tock, knickety, knock,
To the creaking and the crackle
Of the old flax hackle
As it hackles in the flicker of the light.

Rocking, rocking, rocking,
 As I hearken to the sighing
 And the moaning of the wind down the burns;
 Tick, tock, tock, tick,
 As I wait with bated breath
 On the edge of 'scared to death,'
 For the striking of the reel as it turns.

Rocking, rocking, rocking,
 With the humming of the spindle,
 And the whirring of the great spinning wheel.
 Tick, tick, tock, tock,
 And the clatter and the rattle
 Of the old loom shuttle,
 As it flies through the warp of the reel.

Rocking, rocking, rocking,
 While the kettle is a simmer
 On the crane o'er the great roaring fire.
 Tick, tock, knockety, knick,
 While the skillet is a popping,
 And the chatter never stopping
 Of the maidens, while at quilting never tire.

Rocking, rocking, rocking,
 As I look into the embers,
 And I dream fantastic figures on the floor.
 Tick, tock, knock, knick,
 Ticks the old wooden clock
 To the rhythm of the rock,
 Till I'm dead to the thunder of a snore.

PART II

ROUND UP RHYTHM

ROUND UP RHYTHM

TO "NO-MAN'S-LAND"

IN THE mist of the years ago,
When "No-Man's-Land" was known afar
As an orphan child that none would own,
A homeless waif of the Texan Star;

Her rivulets danced in the burning sun,
Her mirages shown like Aladdin dreams
That lured the lost till the day was done,
With their forests, and cities, and sparkling streams.

Her billowy hills, like a rolling sea,
Stretched far away t'ward the gate of Night,
Her drifting sands by the River B,
Seemed like a sun-tanned rift of light.

Her meadows of grass along the creeks
Shown like ribbons of emerald green;
The sunburn glow of her hillside cheeks
Made her a host's most worshipful queen.

Over her valleys and plains and hills,
Out to the edge of the world afar,
There moved an ocean of life with thrills,
A million of bison with billowy jar.

The eagle, he circled the azure blue,
And left his mate with her hungry brood;
He sailed away with a vision true,
And caught in his tallons their coveted food.

He bore his eaglets far up in the sky
Upon his pinions of wide expanse,
Letting them drop with flutter and cry,
Catching them up again at a glance.

Up from her canyons the night wind sighed,
Mingled with voices so wierd and wild;
Fireflies danced and a panther cried
Like the death throe of a dying child.

The day-dawn denizens of the sedge
Carroled a song to the breaking day,
The chipmunks scurried along the ledge
To a shadowy shelf in the cliff of clay.

Thus in a chorus all Nature rejoiced
That the ill-fated star stood still in the sky,
So long in the zenith, but now it is voiced
In the song of the toiler and tiller for aye.

IVANHOE

O'ER the dip of the range,
Where the sun goes down,
Where mirages change

From river to town ;
 Where the glare of the lights
 Play fanciful freaks
 In the dance of the sprites
 On the sunburnt cheeks
 Of the earth ; it is known
 A village far famed
 Stands out like a star
 With euphony named
 For a Scotch Lochinvar.

When the shadows have flown
 Like Aladdin dreams
 With the coming of night
 And darkness, it seems
 To close with a curtain
 The casement of sight ;
 Her wisp glow gleams
 Like daggers of light
 Hurl'd over the world
 Through the rifts of the gloom
 At fanciful phantoms
 Of the Darkened Room.

When the day dawn breaks
 With her silvery sheen,
 Fair morning awakes
 With the stars unseen ;
 And the glow of the sun
 Strikes window and vane,
 Like a carnival fair
 For a queen of the plain ;

And I sit in the thrall
Of the glitter and glow,
Enchanted withal,
Sweet name, *Ivanhoe*.

ROUND UP TIME

(To the rhythm "Of the Lope of the Bronc")

'MID the glories of the sunset land I can stand
With my hand above my brow, peering low
Toward the shifting cloud of sand
And the rushing cavalcade
Of the cowmen from the Domo Ranchio;
Brilliant blankets lashed behind,
And sombreros of the grande type atip,
Sheepskin leggins dusty brown, from some Mexicano
town,
Sixty pesos saddle gear stout and strong
With a mighty leather cinch meters long,
Silver spurs and Spanish bits,
Fiery broncs that measures wits
With the booted cayouse buster of the plains.

Now mid air and now afloat,
Now astride and now afoot,
Half a ride and walk to boot,
Loaded up with cuss and dirt,
Master of the rope and quirt,
Unforgetful of the past and present pains,



"IN THE ROUND UP OF THE YEAR"

Cuts the she stuff from the herd,
 Drives them to the pastures green by the creek,
 Where they drift without a word,
 Where the shadows are serene, dark and thick;
 Lowing, stand there belly deep
 In the water cold and clear, chewing cud,
 Or dreaming on the bank near by asleep, " I wouldn't
 if I could."

Now they take the wider range for a month
 In the round up of the year,
 O'er the valley and the plain,
 Riding on from day to day and into the gloomy night,
 Through the sunshine and the rain, just the same,
 Looking for the branded stuff,
 Cutting out the sure enough from the strange,
 Eating little, drinking less,
 In this month of loneliness,
 In these weeks of strain and stress;
 Loping on a dauntless tar
 On the bronco ship afar through the glen,
 Catching but a snatch of sleep now and then,
 While he lets his bronco drink
 From some muddy stagnant sink,
 Or perhaps a running stream by the bluff.

When each rider makes his round,
 Having all the branded found,
 Cuts them out and starts ahead,
 Often led by the landmark of a hill,
 On across the grassy waste, brown and dead;
 Often with a steer adrift,

Suddenly he makes a shift with the wind,
Runs him down a mile or two,
Burns him with the long lasso,
When into the herd he runs tired enough
With the running of his bluff.

After weeks of ceaseless toil
With their grind and with their moil
And cross currents of an unexpected kind,
From the compass far and near,
Through the smoky atmosphere,
Can be seen the horned herds
Drifting toward the great corral of the Domo
Ranchio;
Toward the shadows of the elms, dark and cool,
Where the limpid waters lap in the spring-fed crystal
pool.
Here the thousand Texans rush
With a jam and with a crush,
With the thunder and the roar,
Like the mutter of a storm,
Or a regiment of cavalry aback rushing on
Worn and weary from the range;
See them coming from the compass in a rolling cloud
of dust,
With the bellow of the bulls fighting mad,
And the bawling of the calves for their dams,
And the mooing of the cows as they rush ahead
To the brink of the pool
For a drink icy cool,
Or the grass by the creek verdant green further on.

How the mastiffs of the herd,
 Mentors of each move and word,
 Run and guard the moving mass
 Drifting to the field of grass by the stream;
 While the rounders take a rest,
 Worn and weary with the stress
 Of the weeks of loneliness,
 Neath the shadow of the elms;
 And the master of the chuck doffs his spurs,
 Cooks a meal for epicures quick enough;
 Coffee strong enough to talk,
 Butter old enough to walk in its teens,
 Flapjacks, Dixey, pork and beans
 Baked and mixed with cabbage greens;
 Then he gave another toss with a little chili sauce,
 And perhaps a berry pie from the thicket nearest by,
 Sour enough to make you wry, wink your eye;
 Water or a whiskey punch made a lunch for the bunch
 Of the worn and weary riders of the range.

How they slept there in the shade
 Of that verdant everglade,
 How they dreamt of dearest friends
 In the very furthest ends of the earth,
 And they tried to lasso them
 With a rope of silky sheen
 From the loom of Amordine,
 But they broke and ran away
 At the dawning of the day.
 Sprites that lovers only know soon are flown
 When the gray light of the dawn cometh on,

With the music of the mooing, and the cackle, and the
 cooing,
And the crowing of the joyous life about them on the
 ranch.
So they reckon with Pandora, and they gather up the
 tether she has left;
And they wrangle up their gear,
With a laugh and with a cheer,
As the dark and sunny days pass by and are gone.

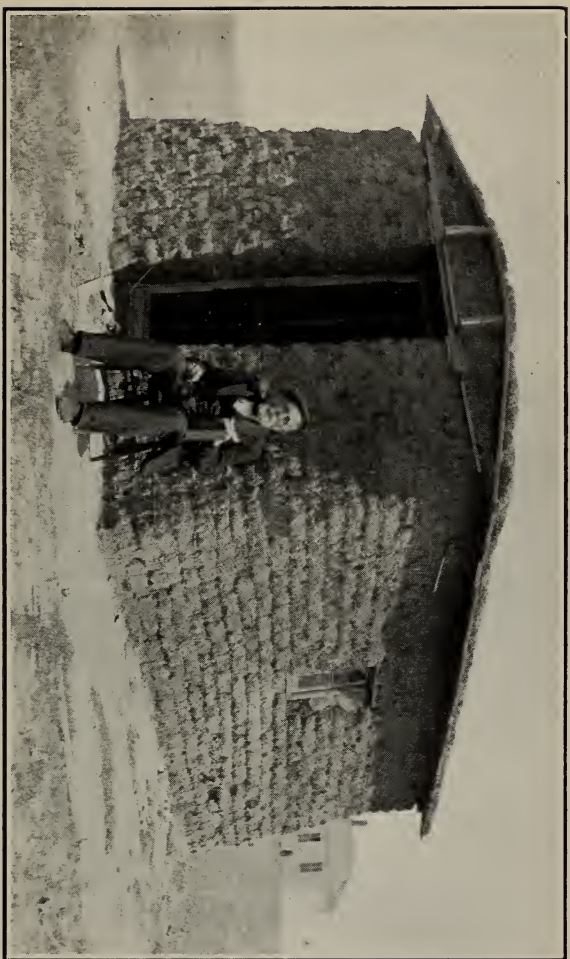
MY DUG-OUT HOME

DOWN below the Kansas border,
 In the land of wind and shine,
Stands a cottage made to order,
 Dear old dug-out home of mine.

Dug into a lonely hillside,
 With a roof of brush and sod,
Stands half hidden till the Yule-tide,
 In a lot of goldenrod.

Close to nature is this peerage,
 Near some shimmering Zuyder Zee,
Floating in a silver mirage
 O'er the sunburnt barren lea.

Year by year had seen the souther
 Gather in my meager toll,
And I felt that now another
 Threatened blight upon my soul.



PIONEER HOME OF THE PLAINS

Sitting in my dug-out lonely,
 Peering o'er the parching plain,
 Staking all, my last and only
 Sou, upon a drop of rain.

In my cot I dream a dreamlet,
 While the shadows lengthen long,
 Close beside a little streamlet
 Laughing like a zither song.

Catbirds call me from the thorn bush,
 Orioles warble from their nest
 In the tree tops, while the brown thrush
 Answers back a challenge test.

Woodland shadows flit before me,
 Honeysuckles, trumpet vines
 In the thatch roof clamber o'er me,
 And each the other intertwines.

Grass grown meadows by the river,
 Where the lowing cattle graze;
 Where the herd bells tinkling quiver
 Somewhere in the sleepy maze.

So the dream stream runneth ever,
 Through the sprite wood of the soul,
 With an urge that endeth never,
 Till it laps Life's tidal roll.

THE INDIAN SCARE OF 1885

DEDICATED TO TWO OF THE INJUNS, "COLORADO RUBE"
AND "ORDINARY RASTUS"

DID you ever hear the story
Of the pipe-dream of the hills,
When some wranglers up the Beaver
Hatched a batch of icy thrills?

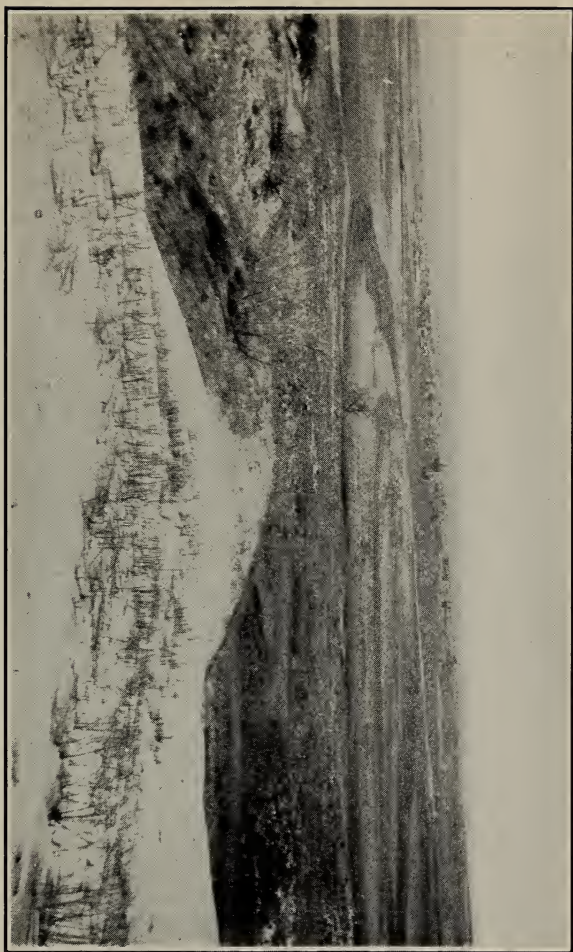
Froze the blood of every Nester,
Chilled the marrow of his bones
Till he couldn't tell a nothin'—
Injun or a pile o' stones.

'Twas in August, of the summer
In the year of '85,
When some rounders sent a hummer
Of a sure enough alive

Injun scare, that sent a quiver
From the dug-outs of the plains
To the palace of the nabob,
Pilin' up ill-gotten gains.

Big and little Rastus, brothers,
Ordinary Rastus, too,
With a half a dozen others,
Made a rough and ready crew:

Break a bronc or rope a Texan
With a double-triggered jerk,



INDIAN SCARE OF '85

Brand a critter, hang a Mexan
Who would dare to draw a dirk.

They had turned their bronses to pasture
In the medder by the crick,
Jist to rest 'em from the roundup,
Eat their fill and buck a trick.

Rube was cuttin' wood for winter
In the sand hills to the north,
Stackin' up, yes, every splinter
For the camp-fire what was worth.

But the Nesters up in Kansas
Kept a stealin' from the pile;
So, thought Ordinary Rastus,
We will do 'em Injun style;

Scare 'em from the bush a plenty
Till they'll never come again,
Thinkin' it was ol' McGinty
With a lot o' buck Cheyennes

From their huntin' in the mountains,
Whettin' for a scalpin' scrap,
With a rustic Nester plummer
Caught a pickin' in a trap.

"Wal," said little Ras, "we've got 'em,
In the thicket pickin' plums,
From that frisky burg, 'Meade Center,'
An' now's the time to show your thumbs.

"Each one's come an' brought a wagon,
Cans an' baskets, crocks an' pails,
An' they're pickin' like the mischief,
An' are scarin' up our quails.

"Say, the funny thing about it,
One ol' wagon has no bed;
Come a plummin' in sich fashion
Is a little sing'lar, Red.

"I'll jist bet my chips to twenty,
Them fellers come to take a load
From our wood-pile while it's plenty,
So let's make 'em hit the road.

"They must've picked a bar'l a ready,
An' have eat a lot o' birds,
An' are burnin' up our kindlin',
An' are lookin' at the herds

"Jist as though they'd run a rustle
When the dark is comin' on;
So we'd bestus git a hustle
Mighty quick, 'er they'll be gone."

"Wal," said Ordinary Rastus,
"Colo Rube, ye fix the boys;
Turn yer coats, 'er wear yer blankets
Jist like fightin' Ute decoys.

"I will go an' tell the Nesters
They had better hit the trail

Mighty quick, er somewhat sooner,
Else they'll likely lose a pail,"

So the play was staged together
With ol' Rastus in the lead,
Gone to pull the plumber's tether,
An' to tell 'em hike ahead.

One he struck so very sudden
That he tumbled down a hill
With a bucket he had gathered,
In one huckleberry spill.

Davis, boast of all the country,
From the Crooked Creek above,
Had a gun that was a buster
With the thunder of a Jove.

You could train it on a coyote,
Or a rabbit, so they tell;
It would blow the one to atoms,
An' the other one to——Well,

It wuz loaded fur an Injun
Frum the muzzle to the stock,
With four hundred kinds o' bullets,
Jist enough to give a shock.

They had kept the monster hidden,
Close inside the wagon bed,
With a premonition bidden,
It wuz needed jist ahead.

But when Rastus came upon 'em,
Courage dropped a hundred pints,
An' they struck a streak o' ager;
Kinder stiffened up their jints.

All excited, Ras, he thundered:
"Youns better make yer git,
Fur the Injuns they's a comin',
Not a mile from whar ye sit.

"They's a scalpin' every Sooner,
An' the Nesters, jist the same,
Leavin' every shack an' dug-out
In a tangled mess o' flame."

Then said Mendenhall, the Quaker,
"Davis, thee must take the gun,
Guard the passage while I hook up
An' prepare to make the run."

Hooked they were in but a jiffy,
An' they struck the runnin' gears
Like a yaller streak o' lightnin'
Jammin' thunder down yer ears.

Now the Injuns were a bobbin'
Up behind the sandy dunes,
Yellin' like some wild Comanches
With their idiotic tunes.

Shootin' up a fog about 'em,
An' a peckin' up the dust

In the trail of the retreaters,
Who were drivin' jist their wust.

How that bedless wagon bobbled,
Now on four wheels, now on two;
An' the other rattled louder
Than a band from Timbucktoo.

Davis yelled an' drove 'em faster,
Fired his blunder-buss a shot
At the Injuns, with disaster
To his kackelatin' pot,

Fur she kicked 'im good an' plenty,
Wusser than a bronco buck,
An' he swore he'd go 'em twenty
Better jist agin fur luck.

Let 'em have another rattle
Uv his a'jectives an' sich,
While the Injuns close behind 'em,
Pepped 'em up another stitch.

Never stoppin,' never haltin'
Till they struck the X. I. well,
Jist an hour from whar they started,
Fourteen miles without a spell.

How they scattered plums an' buckets,
Cans an' baskets on the trail,
Planted plum seed like the mischief,
Rattlin' from the wagon tail.

Fourteen miles of plums a plenty,
Biggest plum patch in the west;
If you cannot now believe it,
Jist go off an' take a rest.

Wal, that Injun scare, it scattered
Like a double-triggered flash
Of a lot o' zigzag lightnin'
With a chain-stitch thunder crash,

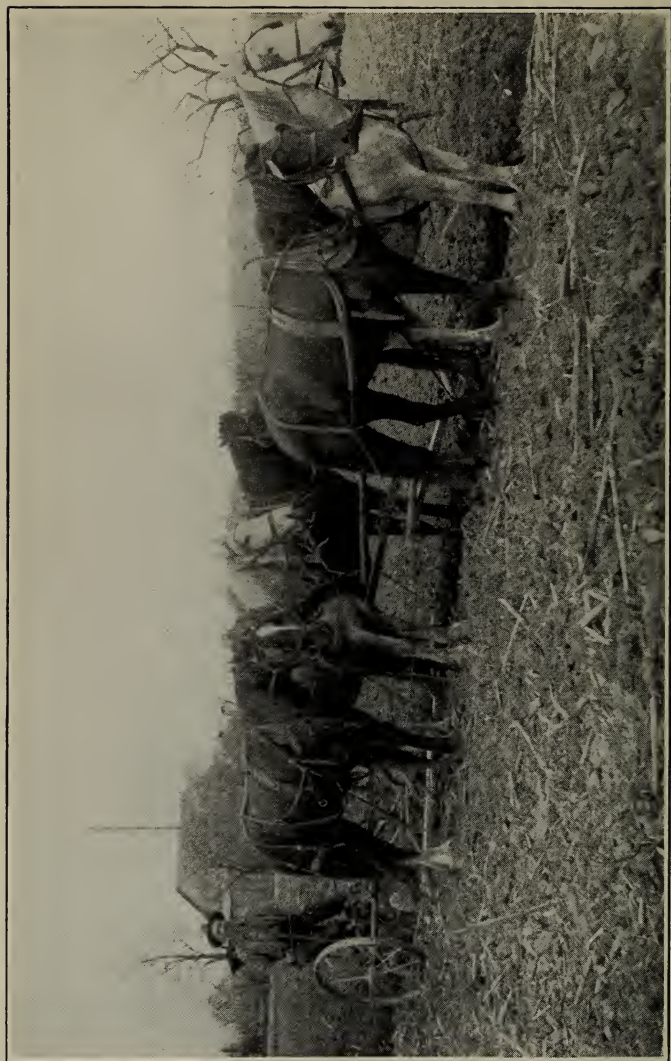
Clear across to old Quivira,
From the dug-outs to the towns,
How the Injuns on the Beaver
Were a mowin' people down

By the hundreds an' the thousands,
An' were burnin' down their stacks,
Killin' cattle, stealin' ponies,
An' were shootin' up their shacks.

Some in ox carts, some in wagons,
Some on horse-back, some a foot;
Some in gowns that were nocturnal,
Some without a hat or boot,

Rushin' like a Hun migration,
Jammed the forts and rifle pits;
And perhaps there may be others
Still perchance are goin' yit

Up among the rocky summits
Of the old New England hills,



"SO GO TO THE FARM AND STAY, MY BOY"

Scared at e'en the doleful drooning
Of the wistful whippoorwills,

Thinkin' that perhaps some Injun
Is behind each rocky point ;
That the witches are pursuing,
And that things are out of joint,

While ol' Reuben, with his children,
Sits around the fire and smokes ;
Tells the circumstance that started
Greatest of all Injun jokes.

MOVING

THE greates' ijee that's under the sun
Is movin' every year ;
An' then to think when it is done,
That another's awful near.

Ye may figger it, dad,
An' set 'er down
To see how much they pay,
But yer adder won't add
When ye git to town,
Fur she runs the tother way.

It's a bigger house, an' a better barn,
An' an automobiler to boot ;
It's rugs, an' sofies, an' ropes o' yarn,
Pianners, an' toot-a-ma-root.

It's parties, an' teas an' pidgeon wings,
That put you in the red,
An' ye may figger it
Up, the more ye git,
The less ye'll be ahead.

So, go to the farm an' stay, my boy,
An' quit this movin' craze,
An' hoe an' plow
And milk the cow
Till the end uv yer dyin' days.

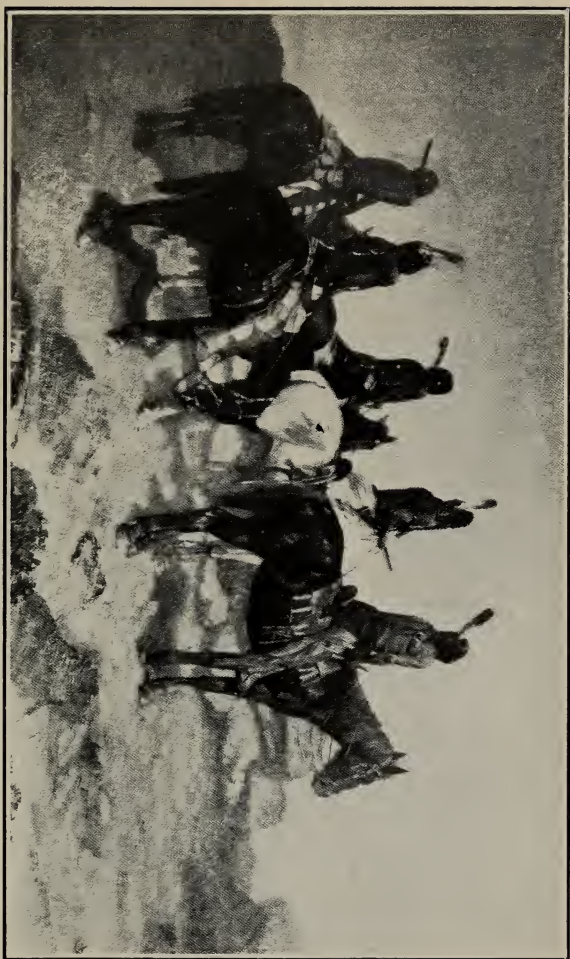
THE SANTA FE TRAIL

DEDICATED TO HON. R. M. WRIGHT, DODGE CITY, KANSAS

OVER the hills and valleys afar
The dust of the desert hangs very a cloud,
Pinned as veil to an evening star,
Floating away like a sinuous shroud.

Dipping in folds o'er the winding trail,
Drifting away through the ribbons of light,
Floating in rifts like a tattered sail,
Away and away, toward the Gate of the Night.

Moving along in the Alkaline silt,
Caravan freighters pass silently on,
Dying with thirst on the waste of the weld,
Praying for bread at the break of the dawn.



"OVER THE SANTA FE TRAIL COULD THE STORY BE TOLD"

Worn with the urge and the tramp of the day,
 Foot sore and weary with plying the goad,
 Driver and driven lie down by the way
 In the valley of dreams, to lighten the load.

Up from the canyon there stealthily crept
 Santana the monster with a myriad of braves,
 Surrounding the train while the worn freighters slept
 And slaughtered the sleepers for numberless graves.

Awake and aweary with watching the flames
 The cattle man sat in his saddle alone,
 And dashed down the trail to herald the names
 Of the slain to the troop in the barracks of stone.

Up with the morning's first herald of day
 Came dashing the soldierly guard of the plains,
 Armored and spurred, they galloped away
 To the scene of the carnage where solitude reigns.

Naught did they find in the desolate dell,
 Nothing but corpses all mangled and torn,
 Nothing but ashes were left to tell
 Of the struggle of devils and men till morn.

A wolf hound whined alone in the camp,
 And stood by his master all battered and dead,
 And fondled his brow, all bloody and damp,
 And told them a story that they readily read.

Left to be prey for the scavenger pack,
 That roam in the canyon and soar in the air,

Tells of a struggle that never brings back
The life of the driver, who fought with despair.

Left to bleach on the waste up the Santa Fe trail
From the Dodge to the Buttes and the Wagon Bed
Springs,

Are the bones of the heroes, who tell us a tale
Of those who have fallen, who fought like kings.

In the dust of the trail rushed the soldierly guard,
Spurred on like demons in a cavalry charge,
Toward a cloud on the trail far ahead was the word,
For Santana, the devil Cheyenne, was at large.

Oh! the Santa Fe Trail, could its story be told,
'Twould give us a view of vast expanse,
Of the miner, who dreamed of gravels of gold,
As he plodded with pack in a mythical trance.

Would tell of the drives that stages have made
With passengers, mail and Fargo Express,
Tell of some bandit, night-hawk of the glade,
Who made them surrender, without "if" or "guess."

Tell of a million of bison whose tread
Sounded like the roar of a muttering storm,
As they dashed down the trail where the leaders led
At slightest betoken of stranger alarm.

Oh! thou Santa Fe Trail of years ago,
Whose sinuous track wound over the plains,
May forever thy story pass on and on
As the highway of freighters and caravan trains.

We cherish thy memory, mark thee with stone

To show where the greatest of thoroughfares ran
From the mouth of the Kaw through the great Un-
known

To the city that nestles by the river Le Grande,

In the midst of the mountains far out in the west,

Where the sun-kissed peaks cast shadows along
On the shimmering clouds of dust that rest

O'er thy sinuous track—Oh, Ribbon of Song!

GRASSHOPPERS, YEAR 1874

GRASSHOPPERS, did ye say?
Bet yer boots, I knowed the thing,
Seed a billion on the wing
In the middle uv the day,
Kinder cuttin' out the light
So it seemed as tho the night
Wuz cummin' on.

Yes, the roosters went to roost,
An' the chickens slunk away
In the tumble weeds an' hay,
Jist kerzackly what they yust
To do, as little bids;
Jist they run'd away an' hid
Without a needin' any boost,
Only shadders.

Wal, them hoppers mowed a swath
In ol' Kansas, left an' right,
An' it was a stunnin' sight
Seein' how they cut their cloth;
Nippin' leaf an' blade o' grass,
Lettin' hardly nothin' pass,
An' the catterpillar moth
Went beggin'.

Medders! Mowed 'em like a scythe;
An' they never made a balk
At a eatin' all the stalk;
Nubbins didn't make a tithe
Fur their omnibusan maw,
Fur they eat 'em cooked or raw,
An' ol' natur seemed to writhe
With their cuttin'.

Tons uv fodder with the grass
Went the way uv all the earth,
Jist what hoppers thought 'em worth;
As fur eatin' garden sass,
They devoured it jist the same,
An' no fence could make 'em tame,
Septen when the birds—alas—
Barbed 'em.

Wal, that year o' '74,
Most momenchus uv 'em all,
There wuz nothin' in the fall,
Not a petal er a spore,
Not a tater, er a yam,

Not a melon worth a——clam;
So we yanked our ol' tepee,
An' left 'er.

Left 'er thar, ye bet we did,
When we left with "skin" an' "bones"
An' the kids, an' Nancy Jones,
An' in "Pike er bust" we rid,
I'll jist bet a thousand miles,
An' my very blood it biles,
When I think what hoppers did
In *Kansas*.

PASSING OF THE WRANGLER

IN MEMORY OF THE COLD WINTER OF 1886

WRANGLE up yer broncs, Bill,
Let us hit the trail,
Cinch 'em up a knot er two
'Fore there comes a gale.

Fill the wagon full o' chuck,
'Fore we cut adrift,
Fur we'll have a time, Bill,
With this winter shift.

My bones they feel a blizzard
A hatchin' in the west,
An' I must load my gizzard
With some pizen piker's best.

Sam, git yer chips together,
An' stack 'em in a box,
An' gather up the tether
Ropes, shirts an' dirty socks.

An' lash 'em to the cayouse,
An' strap 'em tight an' strong,
Fur we're gwine to have to ride, Sam,
Kase seems they's sumthin' wrong.

Boys, see the clouds a shiftin',
They's gwine to turn a trick,
An' make us go a driftin'
A 'fore we reach the crick.

It's a hundred miles ye know, boys,
To reach the X. I. camp,
An' we'll have to keep a rollin'
Er we'll ketch a frosty cramp.

So skin the mules a plenty
With yer double trigger'd crack,
An' keep the broncs a goin',
Jist so ye know the track.

So with a whoop an' holler,
The rounders full o' pluck,
An' tanked up to the collar,
With their wagon load o' chuck.

They left the Dodge behind 'em,
An' started fur the south,

With the gale a blowin'
A peck o' dirt a mouth.

They skace could see the other
Feller lopin' through the clouds,
Er hear nothin' but the thunder
An' the flappin' o' their shrouds.

Tumble weeds a rollin'
With a forty minnit clip,
An' the clouds a pilin'
Up like a phantom ship.

With a double triggered action
The wind she turned er tail,
An' kicked out all the suction
Fur the southers gale.

She started into rainin'
An' follered with a sleet,
An' kept her speed a gainin'
A throwin' down her sheet,

Till every thing wuz covered,
A frozen glare o' ice,
Yet still she closter hovered
An' pinched us like a vise.

That blizzard came a peltin'
With 'er frozen shot,
An' sich snow a driftin'
I never have forgot.

We couldn't see a nothin',
Nur hear a rounder croak,
But the gurgle o' the pizen
A puttin' us to soak.

We kept the broncs a movin'
Frum bein' froze to death,
While waitin' fur the mornin'
To thaw us with his breath.

But when the snowy mornin'
Had come in with his smile,
He'd left a ghastly warnin'
Fur many an' many a mile.

A thousand head o' cattle
Caught driftin' with the storm
Were frozen while a millin'
A tryin' to keep warm.

Poor Sammy, with the wagon,
Wuz found a mile, alone;
Wuz stuck a drift, an' frozen,
An' harder'n a stone.

Ol' Bill, he froze his fingers,
An' blistered up his face,
A tryin' to pitch his ringers,
An' a fightin fur the ace.

I fell into a canyon
With my cayouse an' my traps,

An' shuffled fur the joker
 With the cinchen straps.

I warmed myself a plenty,
 A keepin' up the fight,
 A skinnin' ol' McGinty
 Till a comin' o' the light.

Poor Sam, he boozed a plenty,
 To stack 'im in a heap,
 An' the devil swiped his anty
 When he went to sleep.

So, Bill an' me, together
 Stood in silence by the wag-
 On, not a knowin' whether
 To swig another jag.

Er cut the cussed pizen
 That had foggled up our breath,
 An' kept our spirits risin'
 Without a fling o' death.

So me an' Bill, we tackled
 The job without a drop,
 An' in the hill we hackled
 A grave, with icy top,

An' shuffled Sammy in it,
 An' banked him in with snow,
 An' 'rected up a monomint
 To let the Nesters know

We done our solem dooty
An' planted him in style,
With the whitest snow o' heaven
Heaped on 'im in a pile.

Poor Bill, he sniffed a little,
When I lifted up my hat
An' let some weepin' splatter
On Sammy's frozen mat.

Sam wa'nt no idle rustler ;
No one could ride the range
Better'n he, nur brand 'em,
Nur dip 'em fur the mange.

His check book showed a balance
Fur a wrangler o' the stuff,
Fur a hilpin' o' his mither
No one could spake enough.

His heart wuz whar God put it ;
His blood wuz al'uz red ;
His mouth, he al'uz shet it
When troubles wuz ahead.

An' if the storm wuz ragin'
He rid the line alone,
An' never onct a stagin'
Some other's stunt his own.

Fur his larnin' he wuz known,
Figured with the letter X,

Never had to once be shown;
Wuz no mangy maverick:

Set an' count a herd o' stars
Driftin' frum the hand of God;
Tell us all about the flowers
Playin' bo-peep in the sod.

Hope the Jedge will let 'im through,
When he rounds up at the gate;
But, ol' pal, I'm fearin' though,
Sam'll be a little late.

Peace be then, to Sammy's ashes,
Till the round-up o' the race,
When each wrangler's check book cashes
What it's worth an' at its face.

THE SPIRIT MYSTERY OF MEADE COUNTY

I DREAMED of a valley of beautiful bowers,
Where the sun swings low
With a golden glow,
Where one can drink of the fragrance of flowers;
Where the waters spring forth
All over the earth,
Where moments are lost in the vanishing hours
Like daggers of light
In the fog of the night;
Where the wingless spirits of headless Giaours

Dance over the plain,
Like the lights of a train,
And limn up the sky with spirited mist;
Like a breath of dew
On a panel of blue.
So I silently sit in my dug-out and list
While the sprites dance by
In the glow of the sky,
That swings like a shifting gnome at a tryst
Over the valley of flowers
For hours and for hours,
Tangling the threads that never untwist;
Striving ever to know
Whence the golden glow
That comes with the gloom of the night unkissed.

JIM THE FIDDLER

IN A roadhouse by a medder,
Half a dug-out, half a sod,
Kinder lonely in its shadder,
On a trail that thousands trod,

Thirty miles beyond the Beaver,
To the southwest in the hills,
Where the streamlet, Fulton,
Starts its seaward ripple trills,

Stood an unpretentious castle
By the great Tascosa trail,

Noted for its cheer and wassel,
Wranglers' haven, never fail.

There they tripped the light fantastic
With some comely wrangler lass;
Tried to make the moments plastic
With the clinking of the glass.

Oft a freighter bound for Texas,
Or the Staked Plains to the south,
Stopped to rest his lumber plexus
Or to slake his thirsty mouth.

Here it wuz that Jim the Fiddler
Lived alone, and handed mail
To some lonely bronco buster,
From a wooden candy pail.

And perhaps a flask o' whiskey
From a bucket in the well,
Though he knew that it was risky,
Should the wrangler dare to tell.

He wuz sawin' on his fiddle
In the shadder o' the shack,
Settin,' dreamin' o' Miranda
By the hedge o' tamerack,

When a shadder flit before him,
Then another, and again,
And he wondered what the mischief
Wuz a comin' to his den.

He wuz fiddlin' "Oaken Bucket,"
As the sun wuz goin' down,
When some shadders strangely lengthened
Like the actions uv a clown,

For there slipped and stood behind him
Flyin' Eagle, with his band,
On a wild hoss expedition
Or a straggler with a brand.

Then it wuz that Jim the Fiddler
Cut a catgut slap in two,
When his bow across the middle
Shot a high C out o' view.

Then he dashed into the doorway
Looking for his rusty gun,
And he found his ammunition
Wouldn't muster up a run.

Then the chieftain, Flyin' Eagle,
Motioned Jim to take a seat,
With a grunt, an' took a notion
That the fiddle would repeat.

Jim wuz shakin' with the ager
Runnin' down his spinal cord,
An' wuz prayin' like the mischief
Fur the comin' uv the Lord,

In a furrin language ruther,
Kinder tinged with sulphur fumes,

When the Injuns did no other
Than to doff their eagle plumes,

Squat beside him at the doorway
While he fiddled "Ol' Black Joe,"
Or he sawed him off another,
Kinder doleful like an' slow.

Then he took another tackle,
Tore 'em off the "Devil's Dream,"
When each Injun with a chuckle
Kinder took a scalpin' gleam.

Then he bolstered up his courage,
Took 'em down to Arkensaw
Where each 'Sawyer rastles music
Frum a fiddle er a straw.

Then he gave the "Washer Woman,"
With a sentimental stroke,
But the Injuns simply took it
As the ravlin uv a joke.

So they poked Jim with a chuckle,
Motioned him to fiddle on,
'Till his elbows and his knuckles
Stopped a fiddlin' at the dawn.

And they could not budge another,
Neither would they if they could,
For their could not and their should not
Were entangled with their would.

Then in silence at the dawning,
When they saw that Jim was done,
In a hurry stole his whiskey,
Tobacco, meat and rusty gun.

Left poor Jim alone, afrighted,
Bound with magic to a box,
All exhausted and depleted,
Like the ravelins uv sox.

When the Eagle had departed
With his wild marauding band,
On his wild hoss expedition
Up the Paladora sand,

Jim, he broke his trance to splinters,
Swore he'd leave the diggins then,
Leave the mail, an' chuck, an' plunder
In that dismal dugout den.

So he roped a mule an' started
With his fiddle in his hand,
While his rags were strapped behind him,
Touched the high points of the land.

Thirty miles he rode ol' Buster
Like a long-eared streak uv light,
Heedless of the rags an' duster
Lashed behind him out o' sight.

Pounded Buster with his fiddle,
Raised a fog of dust and dirt,

Kinder busted up the gearin'
Uv his yankee-doodle quirt.

But it made no dif' to Jimmy,
He was scart an' took his leave,
In a double triggered fashion
Fur the road-house on the Beav.

In the distance saw the wrangler
Comin' with a Sheridan gait,
With a dusty fog about him
At a most terrific rate.

Into Beaver rode the fiddler
All afog an' out o' breath,
To the road-house slowly staggered
Just abouten scart to death.

Well, that fiddle into splinters
Had been pounded in the flight,
And no string was left to tell us
Of their symphony, the night

That Ol' Flyin' Eagle heard 'em
On the banks of Fulton creek,
And the rattle give to Buster
When he made that flyin' streak.

So poor Jimmy with his fiddle,
Pass across the silent bar,
Closed the life that was a riddle
With a dirge to Lochin-var.

PROFESSOR FELLOW'S HAILSTONE

OH, WERE you ne'er a schoolboy,
And did you never hear
The story of the Fellow
Who walked off on his ear?

When meteor hailstones pounded
On the Demy's ground, and bounded
Like base balls, and e'en sounded
On the window pane and floor
Like the cannon's opening roar ;

When they fired upon the Bank,
On the rear and on the flank,
He almost fainted, almost sank.
How he tore with whoop and fluster,
Like a one-hoss feather duster,
When a bigger one, a buster,
Came tearing through the window on a fly.

How the window glass loud rattled
When the elements thus battled,
How the dusty whirlwind soared,
How the torrents downward poured,
How old Mars, he ripped and roared,
And old Jupe, he even snored,
And the ground looked rather bored
When it stopped
Where it dropped.

Bored, that will never tell, oh,
Half the feeling of the Fellow,
When the boys did fairly sell so
With a patent, stuck up iceberg.

Oh, the joke, it was a daisy,
Beating bottles, airpumps crazy ;
'Twas enough to make him hazy,
And a deal a bit on-azy,
When the hailstones came like bullets,
Big as eggs of chicken pullets,
Like young iceburgs on the floor,
And they nigh most made him "swore ;"
But he stood it like a hero
With his blood nigh down to zero.

But the camel's back was broken
When Gibbony gave his token
Of a hailstone 8 by 12.
And the rize was set a soakin,'
And the boys so wide awoken,
At each other fun were pokin'
 When he bit.
 To whe, to whit,
 Tweedle dee, tweedle dum,
 Yum, yum, yum,
 Ra, ra, ra,
 Razle, razle, razle,
 Boom de aye.

But the best was yet a comin,'
When he set the earth a hummin'

On a peg, wooden leg.
And he tore around and stuttered
For a string to measure the thing
 Before it melted.
Strings and kerchiefs, sticks and rulers,
Came at once from princely foolers,
All hustled around and helped the elfe
 To measure the stone just 8 by 12.

Quick into an icy bucket
With a flash he tuck and stuck it,
And he cut through mud and water,
Like a Hoosier turkey trotter,
And he never stopped to potter,
But he to the city shot her
 Like an arrow.

How this little story ended,
Ask the winds that sigh in sadness,
Ask the flowers that bloom in gladness,
Ask the tiny emerald grasses,
Ask the cheerful, smiling lasses,
Ask the jolly boy who passes
 Out yon doorway.

*Dedicated to J. W. Gibbony and Charles Ware by the
Fellow who looks like me.*

FANTASIES

(A PARAPHRASE)

I SAT me in my rocker
 In the gloaming of the night,
 While the shadows of the firelight
 Danced as specters in the room,
 On the floor and everywhere;
 And I listened to the knocker,
 And I wondered if some sprite
 Clad in ghostly raiment white,
 Was emerging from the gloom,
 Tapping on my chamber door,
 Treading silently the stair
 To my attic overhead;
 So I hid me in my locker,
 Like a stanchion of a stocker,
 Waiting till the ghost had fled;

Only this and nothing more,
 Just the murky night wind roar,
 And the rattle of the shingle
 On the roof,
 And the fancied click and jingle
 Of the hoof,
 Of some ghostly mailed knight errant
 From the dread Plutonian shore.
 I will warrant
 Never more will he rattle
 Rusty armor at my door,
 O'er and o'er, *nevermore*.
The Den of the Mists.

A HOT NUMBER

DID you ever in your teens
See a twister, feel a blister
Of a souther with a smother
Hotter than a pot o' beans;
Kinder choke you, like a yoke you
Fixed upon the brindle cow;
An' ye set moppin' sweat
Trinklin' down yer furried brow,
While ye took the ol' exam.?
It's all in knowin' "what's the how;"
So wipe 'er off with a laugh,
Fan awhile with a smile,
An' let 'er blow to Hepsidam.

Ye will git thar "sure as hen,"
Settin' thar a countin' ten,
If ye keep a writin' stuff,
Tryin' hard to make a bluff
At a findin' out the known,
By a namin' Presidents
An' some residents of the torrid zone,
Conjugatin,' parsin' "lie"
In the grey web of yer brains.
If it rains
Ye will git thar by and by,
If ye keep a spellin' t-r-y;
Keep a fannin' with a will;
Never fret while ye sweat,
Keep a fannin' while a tannin'

In this blister of a wind ;
 Keep a tryin', tho yer dyin'
 Fur a drink :
 Keep a climbin' up the hill,
 An' I'll bet a rusty sou,
 Tersy Ann an' sister Lou
 Will git thar jist as sure as you ;
 Make a grade a ramblin' past
 With a license fur to teach,
 An' per cent. that is a peach
 Stickin' fast ; yes, at last ;
 Yes, at last.
 Adios.

A PRAIRIE FIRE

TO EVERETT OVERMAN

ACROSS the hills one summer day,
 There drove two boys together,
 A buildin' castles out of hay,
 Regardless of the weather.

While aimin' at a plover snipe,
 To check 'im from the docket,
 One chanced to see the other's pipe
 A stickin' from his pocket.

He dropped his gun, and said to Hen.,
 Let's hit 'er once together
 For luck a little, and we'll then
 Discuss the wind and weather.

Not heedin' where the matches flew
Upon the brownin' heather,
They lit the grass, and there were two
Dumbfounded fools together.

At first they thot it but a joke
To whip the burnin' grasses,
A simple ravlin' of a poke,
A line from "Pippa Passes."

One rushed the ponies for a can
An' pumped 'er full of water,
While all the while the blazes ran
A leapin' higher, hotter.

While one of them he fought and fussed
To stop the fiery river,
The other two-fer in'ard cussed
While pumpin' out 'is liver.

Like Jehu with Jerusalem brons
Without a spellin' potter,
Regardless of the ruts and honks
Unto the fire 'e shot 'er.

With rags and buckets, battered pans,
They fought the leapin' blazes,
The more they used the sprinklin' cans
The hotter grew the daisies.

Like burnin' gasses of a well
That smoky furnace drove 'em

A down the canyon pell 'a mell,
With pitchy clouds above 'em.

The runnin' wall of flames an' smoke
Swept on, a fiery torrent,
The lads were up against the joke
The sheriff with 'is warrant.

The cowboy saw the risin' cloud
Of smoke, and hit the saddle;
From every quarter came a crowd
That made the jays skedaddle.

The tender-feet were fightin' hard
When came the cussin' buster;
They backed the fire, and plowed a guard,
And fought till they had wust 'er.

They told the blokes in garnished words
They were too awful risky;
And they could only clear the guards
By coughin' up the whiskey.

The kids were short in tangle-foot,
So thanked 'em for their trouble;
An' kivered with a cake of soot
They left the burnin' stubble.

They never even left their cards,
But hit their water-wagon
Without a passin' any words,
An' drove like they were jaggin'.

Up hill and down they hit the trail,
An' never stopped to potter,
To take a smoke, or spin a tale,
Or take a drink of water,

Until they crossed the Kansas line,
An' struck the hills of freedom,
An' left Commanche in the shine,
With Nesters, who had treed 'em.

So never let the motto pass,
"When smoking Cubeb berries,
Don't throw your ashes in the grass,
Before you count your cherries."

PART III



MEDITATIVE ODES

MEDITATIVE ODES

THOUGHT

THOUGHT is but the budding flower,
From the minds celestial bower,
With as brilliant changing hue
As the diamond drops of dew.

Buds to bloom from day to day,
On each weary pilgrim's way;
Opes to lighten up the gloom,
Bursts to feed some other bloom.

Thoughts are germinating seeds
That grow and ripen into deeds;
They give to man the golden grain,
The fruit of pleasure and of pain.

IN COMMEMORATION

TO MY BELOVED WIFE UPON HER GRADUATION FROM
FRIENDS UNIVERSITY, WICHITA, KANSAS,
JUNE 6, 1901

IN THE shadowy shade of the maples,
In the moonlight's mellow gleams,
I wooed, and won, and wed her,
The angel of youthful dreams.

We wooed while the sprites of moonlight
Danced fairy-like over her head,
And rested upon the bosom
Of him, whom she wooed and wed.

The rustling leaves of the maples
Showered shadows across our feet;
We know not why they came and went
Like a phantom fawn, so fleet.

The silvery shafts of the starlight,
From the little bo-peeps in the sky,
Came down and sealed our plighting,
For weal and woe, for aye.

Two decades and more have vanished
Down the mystical isle of Time;
Years fraught with joy and with sorrow
In the hush of a requiem chime.

We've labored and studied together;
We have prayed for strength divine



"OTHERS WE'VE HELPED, AS HE BADE US"

To perform the tasks assigned us,
In the ways not mine, but Thine.

How oft from an unknown quarter
The threatening storms have come;
They've changed our course, we know not why;
But have driven us nearer Home.

Thou hast strewn my path with sunshine
When the flecks of shadow pass,
And bade me hope for the morrow,
When Time shall turn his glass;

Bade me banish the gloom and sadness,
Look up with a cheerful eye
To the peaks of Hope and Gladness
That kiss a sunlit sky.

Out from a land of sorrow,
Into an azure clime;
On toward the bright Tomorrow,
With a courage that is sublime.

Out from the weeping willows
And the marshy, sedgy pool;
Up on the crested billows,
Where storm-tossed Tritons rule.

Together we've helped each other,
In home, and college, and school;
Others we've helped, as He bade us,
In the light of the Golden Rule.

He has given us many a fledgling
To shelter, and clothe, and feed,
And fit for the use of the Master,
As sowers of precious seed.

He has given us daughter Inez,
Another's pledge of life,
To train for a useful mission
In the valley of joy and strife.

Today we stand on the summit,
With many a milestone past,
But the one erected today, Love,
Will linger in sight till the last.

Well earned are thy honors, my Darling,
The jewels of 'Treasure Trove,'
To be used in spreading His Kingdom,
The key to whose portal is *Love*.

AS YE WOULD

FROM the darkness of the night,
So grim,
Came a stranger to our door,
Sick and sore,
In the rags of sin;
Reaching feebly for the light,
Pleading for an entrance in;
He asked but a crust,

Yet we gave him more ;
 For the Master had come ;
 Had garnished a room ;
 And cleansed it of dust
 For *Him*.

TO WALLACE

SOMEWHERE in the golden west
 Where rise the sunkissed mountain peaks
 Above the shadowy canyon bed,
 There lies a lonely form at rest,
 Awaiting till the trumpet speaks,
 'Awake! Arise! ye sleeping dead.'

Above his form the ivy vines
 And tangled locks of grass grow green,
 And tiny, little daisies bloom,
 Painted with a blush divine,
 By the hand of God, I ween,
 For that unforgotten tomb.

For him the murmuring mountain stream,
 Atuned to voices of the night,
 Chants a wierd and wistful dirge,
 With the rhythm of a dream,
 Just as the angel harps of light
 In one majestic chorus merge.

In sheen of even's sunset glow
 We sit beside the mountain brook

And dream of Wallace once again;
His stalwart form and face aglow
With love of life for bream and book
And deeds aborn of Christ to men.

How long he struggled with the hope
That health would kiss him with the morn,
That Life's fair day would lengthen weal,
But setting suns left him to grope,
A mystic maze, yet not forlorn,
Till came the breaking of the wheel.

Like Spartan in the throes of death,
He sought to grip his deathly foe
And ward his lances thick and fast;
He grappled till his failing breath
Warmed not the soothing hand, and lo
The Angel claimed a king at last.

Beneath the weeping, moonlit trees
In Alamagordo's verdant vale,
She gave her loved one back to earth.
Her cup of sorrows to the lees
Was drained; yet Inez drank that sacred grail
And seeks to live what life is worth.

With stately grace she seeks to blend
The beauty of a thought divine
Into the warp of others' lives;
Sweet Ranald, with his father's trend
In every lineament and line,
For him she ever prays and strives.

WOODED AND WED

FOR GLEN AND EVA

IN A woodland by a river
Where the rippling waters laugh
Like a zither with a quiver,
Sweeter than a song by half

Than is sung by human voices
Or the caroled notes of birds,
While a choir unseen rejoices,
Sweeter than a chant of words.

Here where flecks of sun and shadow
Play bo-peep and pass away,
Dancing sprites across the meadow,
Daisies, passing with the day ;

Here beneath the elm and willow
Close beside the laughing run,
Where the cowslips in a pillow
Drink the nectar of the sun

Merge two paths and run together
Winding through the verdant glade,
Through the fragrant bloom blown heather
By the hands of fairies made.

Here two lovers met and wandered
'Neath the shadow of the pines ;
Woode each other as they pondered
In the vale of jassamines.

Strength and beauty met in contest
On the acre of the heart,
Both were captured in the struggle,
Both were wounded with a dart.

Woody and wedded, maid and master,
Glen and Eva, side by side,
May your joys forever faster
Ripple 'gainst your barque aglide.

As you leave the quiet haven
For your wider sea of life,
May your sails be set for Heaven,
May no adverse winds of strife,

Blow across your track a-seaward,
May no billows wreck your barque,
May some gentle gale a-leeward
Calm your ocean through the dark.

Waft your vessel gently over
Toward the sun-rise of the soul,
Where the thoughts of loved and lover
Are engraven on the scroll

Of an Angel with a message
Written with a plume of light
From some Seraphim of passage
Lost in struggle with the Night.

May your oil of joy and gladness
Flow across life's golden brim

To the world a-shroud in sadness,
Be a spikenard unto Him.

Fragrant as the Rose of Sharon
Pressed against His weary feet,
Be as shafts of Aldebaron
Lighting up the stony street

Where the throng of Life's most weary,
With their moil from day to day,
And the pall hangs low and dreary
O'er the blood-stained stony way.

MEDITATION

IN THE sunkissed land of the yester yore,
I love to live and dream anew
Of the castles of sand along the shore—
Of the ropes of shells with rainbow hue,
And mystical sounds like the ocean roar—
Or a sylphian song from the vault of blue.

I love to build my castles of sand
Along the shore of the shimmering Dee,
With their moats and turrets and girdle bands
Of beautiful shells, so dear to me,
Then time the moments that each one stands
The lash of the waters going out to sea.

I build my castles and see them fall
And melt away with the undertow,

No vestige is left of a broken wall
To guard my treasures of long ago,
For they were borne away in a nymphian pall
To a crypt of sand I never can know.

I love to look at the moonlit wave,
With its snowy crest of glittering spray
And list to the breakers that laugh and lave
The rock-bound coast of the far away,
As they leap and lash across the grave
Of the treasured shells of the yesterday.

But more than all do I love to stand
In the quarry of Life, awake, alone,
And follow the touch of a hidden hand
And chisel an angel out of the stone,
And leave the chips to crumble to sand
To mingle with drift of the great unknown.

I strive to chisel a Titan's face
Up in the hills of the quarry of Life,
Out of the marble of Spirit grace—
But I find the flaws of stress so rife
That my chisel, it breaks when trying to trace
A line of beauty o'er a flint of strife.

But yet the Omnipotent One leads on—
Maker of chisel and maker of mould,
Painter who mingles the tints of the dawn;
Artist who touches with crimson and gold,
Breathes; and my fanciful angels are gone—
For He has given me better to ever unfold.

COURTING ON THE STILE

JUST twenty years ago tonight,
 My own dear one with me,
 In the shadow that the moonlight
 Cast by the maple tree,
 Sat courting on the stile,
 And drinking from the stream of Love's
 Perpetual spring, whose radiant glow
 From the heavenly light above,
 Is borne on the crystal flow
 To our soul's deep well oftwhile.

How pleasant were those many hours
 In the moonlight's mellow glow,
 While all around the maple bowers
 Cast their shadows to and fro
 Upon the stile and gravelly walk;
 Each a picture seemed of Life
 Fast chasing each in turn;
 Fantastic pictures in a strife
 From the cradle to the urn—
 Shadows that dumbly talk.

Times oft while courting on the stile
 Did Love's eternal queen
 Upon our love-knit souls oft smile
 Approval, though unseen,
 And quaff to each a health
 From out her sparkling bowl,
 Which we with gods dared drink

By the fountain of the soul,
Bound by a golden link
To a life of wedded wealth.

But aye! those twenty years have gone,
Flown like a magical spell,
And now as the noon and the dawn
Of our lives blend closely, how well
Can we look o'er the scene that has past;
In the arbor with children meet where
The stile and the maple once stood,
And to God with singing and prayer
Adore Him, the Author of Good,
Who with love hath our lives overcast.

IN MEMORIAM

ON THE DEATH OF OUR FRIEND AND FORMER PUPIL, PROFESSOR
LAURA A. KIRBY-FAIRCHILD, FRIENDS UNIVERSITY,
WICHITA, KANSAS.
DEDICATED TO OUR DEAR FRIEND, HER FATHER, JOHN G. KIRBY.

THE Book is sealed. We know not why
The fair young flower was snatched away;
'Twill be revealed. The Bye and Bye
Will ope the golden gates of Day,
And by the angel fingers shown
We'll read the chapters of the Known.

We grope for Truth. We know not where
Life's golden cord will snap in twain

Perhaps in youth, or aged with care,
 God calls. Our tears were shed in vain;
 Our prayers that she remain on earth
 Failed in God's balances of Worth.

A well lived life. Not long but well
 Filled to the brim with blessed deeds;
 Crowned mid the strife. We cannot tell
 Where sowed she springtimes fertile seeds
 On many a heart with voice and pen,
 But we shall know in the glorious Then.

Fair Laura's birth was God appointed, blest
 To the world, to the mother gone before
 From scenes of earth, to thee who down the west
 Must wend thy way. Dear Friend adore
 The Giver of this precious Gift to you,
 Who doth all things well. Adieu.

LULLABY

ROCKABY, golden hair, angel of light,
 Dream of the cherubs far up in the skies,
 Sleep in mamma's arms, cuddle up tight,
 Close, little darling, thy innocent eyes.

Rockaby, lullaby, gift from above,
 Go to sleep, little peep, free from all care,
 Purity, innocence, heavenly love,
 Crown thy pearly brow, golden hair.

Lullaby, rockaby, go to thy rest,
Close in mamma's arms quietly sleep,
Dear little golden beam, down from the blest,
May shining angels thy guardian keep.

CHORUS:

Rockaby, little dear,
Angels hover near,
Sleep till the morning clear
Opens thy eyes.

THE NATIVITY

HARK! The bells; sheep herders' bells,
Tinkling o'er the moon-lit downs,
And o'er Judea's rugged cliffs
The herder's horn announces morn.
From stormy lea, from lake to sea,
And from the fold they wandered forth afield.
List! An heavenly chorus comes,
Clothed in gossamer gowns of light,
Chanting symphonies that thrill
The gazing shepherds of the hills
And drowsy fishermen in skiffs,
That cause them half asleep to stare
High starward at a golden stair,
That drops its landing at their feet,
And bids thee wake, arise and greet
Angelic hosts that float adown

With folded wings and harps atune
 To some seraphic rhythmic rune,
 "Glory to God in the highest;
 Peace on earth; good will to men,"
 Above the rock-hewn, sleepy town
 Of Bethlehem.

Behold the star from space afar
 Approach to deck the diadem
 Of night; rare jewel from Pegasus' car,
 Triumphant, portent wanderer
 Flung forth to mark the mystic shrine
 Where came to earth the Christ Divine.
 The watchmen stagger at the gates
 Affrighted that they are ajar;
 The snarling scavengers astreet
 Renew their melancholy bay
 To the new wrought harbingers of day.
 The drowsy dromedaries moan
 Beneath their loads of wood and salt
 Or weavements from the far Cathay.
 The lowing herd and bleating sheep
 Arise in wonderment from sleep.
 The milk white chargers from the wild,
 To man unknown, they halt and neigh
 A welcome to the star-lit way
 That leadeth to the Christmas Child.
 The dawn began to break
 An heavenly halo over all
 On sea and land
 That Christmas morn.
 All nature seemed to wake

From some seraphic thrall
When Christ was born.

The wise men from the East,
Who knew the portents of the stars
Beheld the one that shown
To them so brightly in the sky;
And by the fleetest camel, steed or chariot cars,
God led by routes unknown,
They very seemed to fly
In order to adore the Babe of Bethlehem.

Ring forth, ye chiming Christmas bells;
Peal forth your notes from brazen throats,
And let your music fill the air;
Send forth glad tidings everywhere,
Rhyming, chiming; welling, telling; thrilling, filling
The world with gladness and good cheer.

FLOWERS FROM JERUSALEM

The following lines were inspired on seeing some flowers
fresh from that sacred city, sent to a friend
by a missionary.

AH! GEMS of beauty from the east,
Fresh plucked from hill and plain,
Ye trophies from Mount Olive's crest
Or Garden Gethsemane,
To you I sing a song
And tune the poet's lyre

As minstrel of the muse;
 And by the sacred fire
 I view adown, along
 The paths where fell the dews
 At early morn's bright glow
 Upon your bursting leaves,
 While gentle zephyrs blow
 Your fragrance o'er the lea,
 And you, with tangled locks below,
 Of grass thus gently weave
 A coronal for me.

Methinks the Galilean hills
 I wander o'er and o'er,
 While music from the hills
 In measured cadence pours
 Forth upon mine ear within,
 While mingled with the strain
 A sweeter sound comes on:
 "The lilies of the plain
 Toil not nor do they spin,
 While Solomon alone
 In radiant robes of state
 Is not arrayed as these."
 And sweet this music wells
 Within, while thus I wait
 Beside the Muses' sacred shrine,
 Beneath the branching palm and date
 On Zion's crest, while chiming bells
 Peal forth the hour of prayer divine.

Ye flowerets from the crag and dell
 That grew beside the tomb

From out the rifted rock, that fell
And closed the darkened room,
Where laid the Son of God
A sacrifice for all;
Ye flowers that wept at morn
Beside the Garden wall,
And kissed the virgin sod
With tears, which Christ forlorn
Shed, mingled with His blood,
While agonizing prayer
Went forth a mighty flood
Upon the morning air:
Had that thorny crown of wood
That gored His golden hair
Been decked with gems like you,
'Twould eased the pain of death,
And e'en your fragrant dew
Would've fed His fleeting breath,
While o'er the tide His suffering soul
Would've passed in your zephyr's cloud,
And made the air of the Golden Goal
Sweeter from the fragrant shroud.

THE CRUCIFIXION

THE cock's shrill clarion call
Proclaimed the watch of dawn,
As from the ivied wall
Upon the prelate's lawn
He thrice doth warn the band,

That stand afar around
And see their Savior's hand
With Jewish shackles bound.

Aye! Thrice the warning bird
Doth herald Time's advance
Adown the stream, unheard
With outspread wings perchance
Ere long to shroud the world
In darkness and in gloom,
And rend the veil, unfurled,
And lay Him in the tomb.

Thrice Judas read his doom
Betraying Christ, the Lord,
While in the council room
He stood, among the horde
Of Pharisees and Scribes,
And cursed his lucre lust
In taking of the bribes
As traitor to his trust.

Thrice Peter, like a thief,
Before the wanton fire
Of Jewish unbelief,
Bespoke himself a liar;
Denying by his word
He never knew this Man,
And loud and long were heard
His curses by the clan.

Betrayed, denied with scorns
By e'en His own elect;

Condemned and crowned with thorns,
They thus the Christ reject;
And on the rugged tree
He breathes His parting breath,
That might the world go free
From bondage, sin and death.

Sad was that dying hour
When all the world was still,
And gloom dispelled the power
That monarchs swayed at will,
When tombs gave forth their dead
And rock-ribbed hills were cleft
In twain, while overhead
The orbs of light were reft.

Three days the shackles bound
His body in the grave,
But when the morn came 'round,
The powers of Death then gave
E'en up their bonds that held
The Son and Sent of God.
He, swaddling clothes repelled,
Rolled back the stone and trod
Once more the verdant sod.

He walked upon the sea,
He soothed the waves to rest,
He taught through Galilee,
And oft His chosen blest;
But aye, when forty days
Had passed, He bade them rise

And spread abroad His praise ;
 So saying, toward the skies,
 Upon the golden stair
 Of light, He left the earth,
 His tender orb of care,
 His gem of lasting worth.

THE SONG OF TOIL

THE door of the world stood gently ajar ;
 I stood within it, and looking afar
 Out on the plain of human events,
 With its widening border of deeds and intents,
 With its streams of thought that run to the sea ;
 Streams of refreshment to angels and me,
 That ripple along o'er gravels of gold
 To the ocean of God, boundless, untold ;
 With its daisies of innocence, lilies of love,
 Rosebuds of promise from gardens above,
 Angels so free from turmoil and strife,—
 All sing to me sweetly the carol of Life.

I looked, and I saw in the image of man,
 With his hand and his brow all callous and tan,
 Coming hastily toward me over the plain,
 With a gait that would give unto Idleness pain ;
 Came with his sickle and his scythe on his arm,
 Like a reaper at eve, from the work of the farm,
 And over the meadowlands gleefully rung
 These fragments of song that he cheerfully sung :

"Thought is but the stepping-stone
To the spirit's secret throne,
To the holy place of prayer
In the chambers of the soul.
Sanctified unto thy care
Is this monument of Thought,
Ne'er a gift, yet never bought,
Guiding to life's highest goal.

"Acts are diadems of thought,
Which thy master, Toil, hath wrought
From the treasures of the mind,
From the spirit of the man:
Search thou mayst, yet never find
That good actions are the growth
Of pure idleness and sloth,
And bless the world because they can."

"Thought sits busily spinning the threads of our acts,
At the door of the world in the sunlight of time;
Sits making the woof for the fabric of facts
For the historic garment of every clime."

"Labor at his forge plies on
His vocation, while the dawn
Of progress heralds wide the day;
Beats well Life's brazen shield,
And fits it to each arm to wield
It bravely on the way."

"While you breathe a breath,
Should you as a man

Live because you can?
 Act because you must,
 Just to keep the rust
 Of idleness away?
 Tiresome is the play
 If it feign no woes,
 And no pleasure grows
 From a living death."

"Strength comes from love of strife
 With the rougher things of this lower clime;
 Life comes from love of life,
 And the hope it brings of that blissful time
 In the sweet beyond; in the bye and bye."

"If you find your place
 In life, take it;
 Accept it with a grace
 And you make it
 Worthy of accepting."

"Destiny ever works on his loom,
 Weaving the seamless garb of Doom,
 Throwing his shuttle strong and straight,
 Bearing the endless woof of Fate
 Over the countless warp of lives."

"Mind is the universe of man,
 His conscious world within;
 He gives it impulse, purpose, plan,
 To take its course and spin
 'Round some greater orb of light,

Or back into the void and gloom,
Back into the trackless night
Of ignorance to meet its doom."

"If you cannot be a mountain
Be a grain of sand
In the universe of mind;
If you cannot be a fountain
Flowing o'er the land,
Be a drop in your kind."

"Our greatest efforts are as dust
On the winds of Can and Must,
Blown across Life's magic isle
Toward the peaks of Afterwhile.

"Toward the clime among the stars,
Does this cloud float gently on,
Through the golden rays and bars
Lighting up Hereafter's dawn."

"Sweet is the cup, though bitter with woes,
And sweet is the morsel that Labor bestows,
On the student who thinks, on the farmer who toils,
On the soldier in battle who never recoils."

"Bind up thy golden sheaf
Of character today,
Lest tomorrow be a thief,
And steal it all away.

"Sow well its golden grains
Which are thy thoughts and deeds,

That thou may'st gather gains
Of a hundred fold of seeds."

Drink well from the fountain of life,
Lest ye thirst on the wearisome way;
Gird well with your armor for strife,
And fight till the close of the day.

Today has your toil but begun,
Though a stone by the way you have passed;
Many times will a half-hidden sun
Make your efforts to be overcast.

Success will crown him who strives
For the goal at the end of the track;
'Tis he that never arrives,
Who ever and ever looks back.

The way may be rough and steep,
And your loads seem heavy to bear;
But only the faithful can reap
The crown that they're hoping to wear.

Today does a critical world
Look kindly and smile upon you,
And bid you keep banners unfurled,
Or beat life's battle tattoo.

Be true and ever be just
To yourselves on the way of life,
And never another dare trust
To labor for you in the strife.

I bid you, kind students, adieu ;
And ever shall wish for you well,
And hope this bond to renew
In the College of God. Farewell.

WATCHING AND WAITING

TO MOTHER ARCADIA

ALIGHT burned low in the casement,
With the glow of another clime,
A gleam of a heavenly radiance
From beyond the rift of Time.

A worshiper sat beside it,
And watched it feebly flame
In its casement of whitened ashes,
While the chimes of the vespers came

Sweetly floating inward,
On the balmy evening air
At sundown, while she waited
Awake, at the shrine of care.

No vigil hour was greivous,
No duty left undone
To see that the light was burning
Till the rising of the sun,

When perchance the God of Heaven
Shall remove the light away,

And place it in a casement
Eternal as the day,

And the ash of the earthly mantle
Shall have crumbled into dust
At the breathing of the Angel,
When he said, "Arise thou must

Walk alone in silence
In the gloaming of the night,"
While in memory the ashes
Seem to glow a golden light,

For her footstep as she onward
Presses toward the heavenly shore,
Where for ashes will be spirit,
Radiant there for ever more.

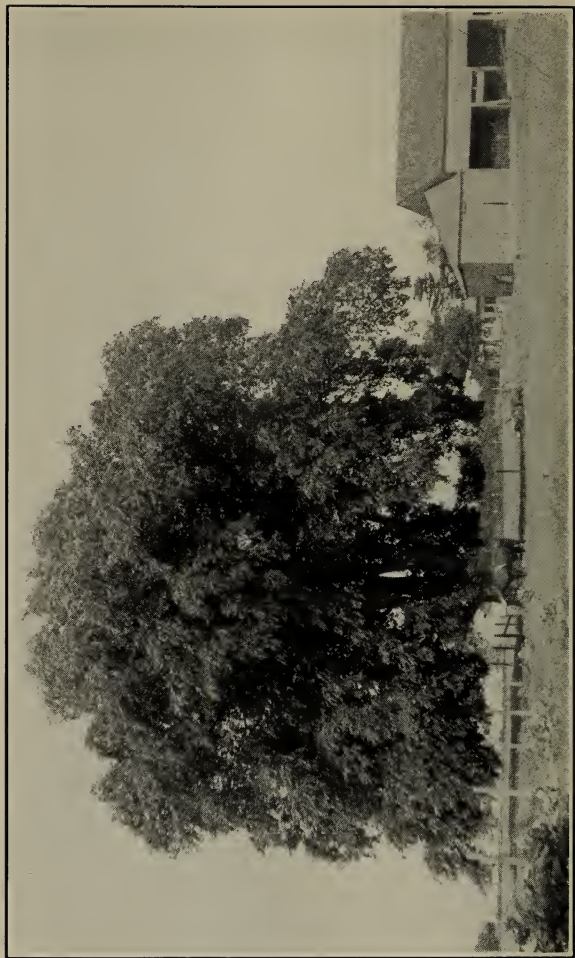
ODE TO FATHER

AT MORN, a ship stately and strong,
Sailed out from the mist and fog of the sea
Of Doubt and of Death,
And maelstroms unfathonable;
With its storm laden breakers,
And its phantom barques of the Night
Afloat, crewless and rudderless,
With their wierd wail of departed,
Damned to their hulls sepulchral

Crying for releasement.
While here and there and far beyond
The chimes of danger signals ringing,
Mark the path of the Silent Ships.

Led on by a loadstar over the leaward,
He sails on toward a Spirit bourne,
Whose gates of pearl swing inward noiselessly
At the slightest breathing of penitential prayer,
Whose light is the effulgence of Divinity, Himself.
When he has crossed the last bar
And entered the haven of rest,
Where the waters are still
And the Spirit-lit spires
Of Heaven are seen, reflected
Aglow with a sheen in the waters of Life,
That flow down from the Eternal Hills
Of God to the boundless Sea of Existence.

When the last bugle call
From the portal watch sounds a welcome,
He drops his anchor in the roadstead;
And with muffled stroke atune
To the lyres of some seraphic strain,
The silent oarsmen waft him
O'er the last lap of the journey,
To that Port of Entry, forever closed
To all who know not the Song of the Redeemed.



"MEN, LIKE TREES, ARE BORN AMIDST THE BRIARS OF CIRCUMSTANCE"

THE WOOF OF CIRCUMSTANCE

MEN, like trees, are born amidst the briars of
circumstance ;

They've come to test the strength of evil winds that
chance

To blow across Life's ever broadening plain ;

And neither are these tests of character in vain

That strive to grow around us as a tanglewood of
briars,

That blow among the branches of our passions and
desires.

The thrifty weeping willow will never heed the thorn,
But will steal away its sunshine with a lofty look of
scorn ;

And the maple will but toughen, if subjected to the
blast,

And become as tall and stately as the ocean vessel's
mast :

So the strong man grows unmindful of the thicket
covered ground ;

For his foliage of character, he is noted far around :

Yet many trees there are that bear unshapely crowns,

One-sided and half-brimless like the cockney hats of
clowns ;

And so some people have this same caprice in thought,

So one-sided an equation that they cipher down to
nought.

Some forest trees have gnarled and scarred, knotty
and twisted forms,

Which are the evil markings of a hundred adverse
storms ;
So man's defective character is bruised by circum-
stance,
And the weakness of his nature is not the work of
chance.
Trees live and die, and by their dying bless another
Growth of trees, that feed upon each fallen brother :
Men are born to live and aid the present by their
living,
And feed the future generations by good works, thus
giving.

Trees drink the poison of the atmosphere, and in its
place
Feed the world with oxygen that gives thy being grace.
God bless the forest temples, where dwells in solitude
Thy Divinity in Nature, o'er which the Angels brood.

LIFE'S STAGE

LIFE is a shifting stage,
On it we play
Our parts, in jest and rage,
In one short day.
The twilight comes. The inky pall
Of Night enshrouds the scene ;
Death claims the actor ; then all
Is o'er.—
Exit to the bourne unseen.

TO THE DEAD PAST

OH, MONSTER of the wierd jurassic age,
 Whose pondrous tread mid murk and mire
 And drift of upheaved ocean beds,
 Crushing sigillarids and rasping calamite,
 Causing peterodactyls with vertebrated tails
 To plume their bat-like wings,
 And leave their carrion reptile rot
 Half eaten in the marly ooze
 With matted ferns and giant rushes;
 And glutted with their wierd repast,
 To soar away with fiendish shriek
 To distant crags of Eozoic rock.
 The sleeping Saurian with scaly armor
 Glistening in the lurid heat,
 Lay half submerged beneath the slime;
 Awoke and drew his armored length along
 Through quaggy mire a hundred fathoms on
 To floating isles of tangled drift
 Awaiting engulfment by the sea.
 His eyes like disks of fire shown forth,
 And from his caldron mouth
 A flame of phosphorescent spray shot forth.
 He drew his plated length along
 Across the prone Stigmarian trunks
 That drifted in the boiling sea
 That raged like muffled thunder in his wake.
 Serpents with emerald eyes like stars of night
 Awoke, and stretching high their heads
 Above the tangled drift sent forth a hiss

Like geysers bursting from the sea.
While o'er the vast Sargossian sea
A writhing, wriggling mass shot forth
Their forked tongues like fiery flames.
Coral, radiant with the blush of light,
Filtering through the ambient mists,
Closed their pollyp mouths, transfixed
In one brief moment into stone.
The crinoid lilies of the deep
Bent low their heads beneath the swirling sea,
And stretched their lengths along
The slimy beds of chalky ooze.
The crawling trilobe sought to hide itself
Beneath a silty bed of diatonis
From warring Ganoids on their track,
Like hideous ooze ploughs of the sea
Swimming amidst the coral forests of the deep.

Send forth thy trumpetings, send forth
Thy thunderings, Oh, Monster of the past!
Take thy fill of Lepedodendron leaves
Or tender siggilarid shoots and die;
Stir up the denizens of that primeval marsh
By thy wierd mutterings, old Tusker,
With hide impenetrable to the dart
Of cavemen of the paleolithic age.
Lash back the waves to phosphorescent flame,
And let it light the hydra dragons of the deep
To their last slime bed abode;
Then lie down amid Creation's trumpetings
Upon thy frothy ooze marsh couch,
And let thy bones become entombed

Within the stone clypt pages of the past ;
 So let the spirit of thy majesty depart,
 Old mammoth Tusker of the Long Ago.

SEQUENCE OF WAR

CARNAGE

PICTURES, where the Blood-Red Dragon
 Of Carnage drew in his fiery trail,
 The never ending skein of Sorrow and Remorse
 Dyed Damnation's hue
 In the drainage vats of Hell.

PESTILENCE

Where charged the Riderless Host
 Of milk white winged steeds
 From the Augean stables of the Styx,
 From whose extended nostrils
 The fiery atmosphere of Death leaps forth
 To enshroud the sin cursed world in gloom.

MISERY

Whose fanged talons,
 Like the vulture's serried claws,
 Tear the sin dyed sinews of Human Life
 From their bony charnal house,
 To feed the vampires of the Damned,
 Ever vanishing and returning to their fatted feast.

SORROW

Whose tear dimmed eyes
Sought to see beyond the misty cloud
Toward the ever retiring sun-kist peaks of Hope;
And as she walked abroad,
Clothed in the sombre veil of Night.

REMORSE

Marshaled his minions in her track,
And sowed the scalding tears of Death
Upon the remnant of the living.

DISASTER

In the track of Unknown Sequence,
Drawn by the unrequited forces of the Past,
Rushes the train of Untimed Destiny,
Laden with the cargo Damning Probabilities
Toward the Cataclysmatic End of Human Effort.

MY NEIGHBOR AND I

MY NEIGHBOR and I, at the close of the day,
When the sky was aflame with a golden glow
Of the sun, sinking slowly down to rest,
Walked side by side in the glorious gloaming,
Plucking primroses and cowslips
And sweet scented gale from valley and vale,
From shadowy dale, where the pines
With their odorous myrrh fill the air
With their nectar divine for the gods and goddesses.

The rippling rivulet ran rapidly
 Down, with a swish, to the river beyond ;
 In the twilight gloam of the eventide,
 We could hear, through the murmuring pines,
 The song of the swish and swirl of the stream,
 As it, dashing and splashing, ran down,
 On its wild, booming whirl to the sea.

The gossamer film of the darkness
 Settled steadily down from the sky, as a veil,
 And Night, in her chariot, rode riotously
 Out of her cavern of gloom from under the world,
 And lashed her Pegasian steeds into foam,
 Like the surf of the raging sea ;
 And drove with fiery star dust trails of light
 For reins, and star-decked chariot wheels
 From the wonderful workshop
 Of the wandering Pleides.
 As Arcturus came forth
 From his Stygian cave,
 And Orion rode up to his place
 In the Host of the sky ;
 As the whip of dread Darkness
 Drove the last wight of Dawn
 Down from his throne,
 And over the arch of the world ;
 We paused, my Neighbor and I,
 On the banks of the rippling rivulet,
 And listened as it sang
 The lullaby, siren songs of the Night.

In the chill moon-lit shadows of the pines,
My Neighbor and I sat alone, Spirit and Chrysalis,
While up from the valley of jassamines
A rapturous cloud, odor laden, arose
Like a star-decked shroud around us.
The voices of the night, wierd and wanton,
Came from the crags and cavernous cliffs,
And made the gloom wistfully, strangely sepulchral.
At the hour when the chimes of curfew sounded
My neighbor arose, like a gnome of the mist,
Clothed with a nebulous halo of fire,
And touched me, the casket, dull dust of the valley,
Then whisked me away toward the backward Forever,
And showed me a scroll of the Infinite Record of Life;
Most wonderful workmanship, tapestry Divine,
Of the blend of the thoughts and acts of the ages
Woven in Spirit threads, golden and crimson.

At the day dawn of the Future stood we,
And with mystic wand he showed me
Angel distaffs spinning, spinning Spirit threads
Of golden gossamer from the Eon of Beginning,
For the never Weary Weavers of the Present;
Who were weaving, ever throwing
Through the tangled woof Existence
Warp, forever, ever blending
Past and Present, on, unending;
Never losing stroke or shuttle
In this mystic maze of weaving;
Never breaking, never mending,
Never stopping in their labor,
Blending pictures of the Present

With the facts of Yestereve;
 Cause and action, plan and purpose,
 Interwoven threads Divine,
 Each in quick succession followed,
 Fraught with moment inter-twine
 With the increment resultants
 From a myriad unseen sources of the Past
 In one mighty panorama
 For the throne room of the Future,
 In Jehovah's council chamber,
 In the Eons of Forever and Forever.

MARRIAGE

WHAT is Life? An empty dream!
 Is it a strife where armors gleam
 And resound with clashing peals?
 What is the charm that it reveals,
 That ere in union binds and holds
 Our spirits in these earthly moulds?
 Is it the glitter and the gloss
 Or a baser nature's dross
 That lures us on to greater deeds,
 To scatter cheat among the seeds,
 Which God has given us to sow
 Within His Spirit's fields below.

Is it Self that guides the hand
 To the unseen Spirit land?
 Must for Self we crucify

Thoughts and actions, and deny
Our Better Being of the bliss
That wakens with the magic kiss?

Half lived is Life when lived alone;
Cheap is the crown that Self has won
If not for another's wearing.
Life is dull without the sharing
Of another's joys and sorrows
And her hopes for bright Tomorrows.
Was it with God a true design
That man should, hermet-like, repine,
When waits his counterpart in race,
And longs to feel his warm embrace?
Her body weaker, yet her heart
Thrice fold in strength his counterpart.
Well mated can she plume his wings
To soar above the baser things
That seek his spirit to entwine
Fast to Self's imperial shrine.
Thrice blest the lives in union bound;
Far less to him who treads the round
And listens to Life's hollow chime
Alone among the tombs of Time.

LIFE

OUR life is a joy that's supernal,
A gem in eternity's crown,
A link in the chain that's eternal,
A veil to the world that's unknown.

Like the sand on the shore of the river
 Or the shells on the shoals of the sea,
 Are the lives that make the Forever,
 Are the bits of the world that's to be.

'Tis a chain that would bind us to Heaven,
 Bestowed as a treasure to all,
 Though its length and its bands were riven,
 When death was pronounced at the fall.

Yet Christ added links by His kindness,
 By His death made longer the chain,
 Till it reached from the soul in its blindness
 To the bounds of the heavenly plain.

Though Life has been shortened by weakness,
 Yet it striveth to lengthen its span,
 And Christ blesses it with His meekness,
 And makes it a gift unto man.

UNDER THE POTTER'S WHEEL

TURN not the Potter's wheel of years
 Aback upon its spirit reel,
 But check the flaws that thou may see
 Can mar and cause the clay in time
 To crumble, or the jar to be a castaway
 With misshaped urns for briny tears
 Of sad regret.
 Know thou the best is yet for thee,

Weep not o'er faults ago,
Work on, endure the test, till dawn
Of Morrow opes her golden gate,
Then enter in and rest securely,
And do not wait one moment
When the Angel beckons thee.

PIZARRO, THE SCOURGE OF PERU

GRADUATION POEM,
EARLHAM COLLEGE, RICHMOND, INDIANA, 1886.

THE day had weary grown and gone to rest.
Allinco sat beside the temple wall
Deep hidden from the searching moon's pale rays
Which shown between the creeping vines and trees,
And at her feet upon the brooklet danced
Like fairy sprites to the rippling music.
Each sound of fluttering wings and rustling leaf
Brought with it hope to her beclouded soul,
For with the sounds she thought she heard the steps
Of her own brother, Lord of Equidor,
To whom she wished to tell her secret woe.
While wheeled the moon around its northern course
She waited, wept, and thought her plan of life.
At first, a mountain maid whose Indian blood
Coursed freely on its way through dark blue veins,
Whose mind dreamed not the bondage waiting her,
Whose soul was like the fragrant mountain bloom
With which the image of the sun she crowned.
Descendant of the gods through Incas lines

The lot as Daughter of the Sun she chose,
 And at the morning dawn she loved to wait
 In prayer beside the temple's eastern door
 Until the sun, their supreme god, arose;
 Then she with hurried step amid the throng
 Passed quickly through to kiss the golden god
 Transfixed upon the temple's western wall;
 She loved to sprinkle incense on the fire
 That ever burned before the sacred shrine.
 With other sisters oft she sought to weave
 The finest woolen vestments for the priests.
 To spin the silken threads of vacua
 And dye them purple in the golden urn,
 Befitting for the sacred Incas crown;
 But most to watch the sick, and clothe the poor,
 Who daily sat beside the temple door.
 While thus Allinco mused, her brother came,
 And she with words his lordship thus addressed:

ALLINCO—

"I hope in time, fair brother, thou hast come
 To strike Pizarro from his bloody throne.
 Thou knows not as thy sister doth full well
 How pious demons work their foul designs
 Beneath the priestly gown of sacred right.
 He feigns the power to bless or damn our souls
 That which but gods possess and exercise
 In turn for deeds both well or illy wrought.
 And if Pizarro's god is like his priest
 His realm is but the lowest type of hell,
 Whose vilest offspring is the Romish Church."

ATILBA—

“Hark, my gentle sister! What is that sound?
Methought I heard the clanking hoofs of steeds
Of Spanish squadrons, bound upon the way
To render homage due tomorrow morn
To Manco, for his lordly gifts of gold.”

ALLINCO—

“Brave Incas brother, Lord of Equidor,
I think Pizarro and his clan beguile,
And do not truly represent their god.
Yea, in this I know Von Hutton’s right.”

ATILBA—

“Thou, Daughter of the Sun, know’th well the ground
On which this base Pizarro rests his claim
And speakest rightly of Von Hutton’s god,
Who is, methinks, the father of the Sun,
The great first cause of Incas noble line.
Thus far Von Hutton’s pupil have I been,
To learn to praise the god that he adores,
The Spirit Ruler of the acts of men,
Whose Son, vicarious, freed the world of sin.”

ALLINCO—

“How well my brother, Lord Atilba, speaks.
Enough, ’tis late, let’s talk of other things;
For action now must be the Incas word.
Thou seest who once was Capac’s fav’rite Queen,
The chosen of the Daughters of the Sun,
The one who scorned Pizarro’s bloody hand,

When by the same at Yucay, Capac fell ;
But ah, alas ! He took me like a beast,
And made me share his fiendish tent and bed
And called it all an act of Christian care,
To rend my soul with ten-fold more of pain."

ATILBA—

"And dared this demon think such recompense
In turn for slaughter of thy sacred spouse?
Methought that bloody battle calmed the storm
That gave to Manco Capac's glorious crown,
Which diadem Pizarro deigned to bless.
I now can think this only as a sale
Which gives to Spain our freedom, blood and gold."

ALLINCO—

"Oh ! Incas Lord, how true these words.
I have within this Spanish tiger's den
O'erheard these foul designs of his.
Five suns ago I sent for thee to come
And meet thy sister in this secret place,
That I might tell his last, most fiendish plot,
And through thee warn the people of the storm
Whose thunders heard are like the sounding sea,
Whose clouds with coming of the morn will burst
And drench our land again in sacred blood."

ATILBA—

"And still thou speakest as a priestess can.
What ! Must tomorrow's feast be drunk with blood?
Must we be hunted down like mountain sheep
And made the morsel of this panther's tooth !"

ALLINCO—

“Ah, brother! Yes; ’tis sadly, surely true.
This coronation feast is but a snare,
A bate that’s set before the mouth of hell
To cause the final ruin of our race.
When once Pizarro draws within these walls
The sacred Incas lords and soldiers brave,
His men with fiery darts will mow you down,
And turn their steeds upon your mangled forms,
And murder Manco for his golden gifts.”

ATILBA—

“To take revenge ’tis sweet, my sister brave.
I’ll make Pizarro drink my health in blood
If he but shows a hostile mood to me.”
Atilba hushed. Allinco trembling spake:

ALLINCO—

“Hark! Hear that beating at this temple door,
And hear those neighing steeds and clashing hoofs.
See, standing in the moonlight, by the wall,
Is knight Pizarro and his guilty clan.
Methinks they seek our lives, so let us part.”

ATILBA—

“To thee, my sister, now a long farewell.”

ALLINCO—

“Farewell, but not for aye; we’ll meet again.”
Like roaring lions prowling for their prey,
Pizarro with his thund’ring voice spake forth:

PIZARRO—

“My Castile braves, tear down this temple door
And curse its heathen maker as it falls.
Rush in, and in the Holy Virgin’s name
Snatch from its walls of adamant the gold
That now belongs to you by sacred right.
Quixota, to thy task ; tear down that sun,
Upturn that altar and its sacred fire,
And hurl the embers out upon the way.
Here Don, strike down that skulking, haggard priest ;
Fit is he only for a vulture’s feast ;
It’s but a righteous act to help him die,
And dash his blood upon his golden god.
Collect your booty now and let’s be gone,
As we must on the morrow’s plans converse.”
When thus Pizarro spake, Quixota said :

QUIXOTA—

“I fear my Lord, there’s something in the wind
About our little plan to have a feast
And at the same to kill the Incas lords
And bear away to prison Manco’s form.”

PIZARRO—

“How dare thou, coward, make me such believe ;
Thou, villain, art the one, I then suppose,
Who hath abroad this secret plan proclaimed.
Down and confess, or else thy head is mine.”

QUIXOTA—

“Not so, my Lord ; thou wrongly judgest me.
Thy mistress slave Allinco, is the cause ;

As yesterday a friendly native said
She had with him been speaking of the plot
And spreading well such news throughout the land."

PIZARRO—

"And if such be the cause, cursed by my head
For taking such a wench into my tent.
I'll cleave her tattling tongue and stop her talk
About my sacred plans decreed by God.
Quixota, go. Let's off, for morning dawns."
Pizarro and his armored clan depart
And seek to test their strength with clashing arms
Amidst a myriad heathen Indian hordes.
'Twas eve the second day, and in the west
Blood bathed, the sun was sinking fast to rest
Behind the Andes sun-kist snow-capped peaks.
All day had Cuzco's streets been drinking blood
That ran in rivers o'er the stony ways.
At morn the Incas hordes poured through the gates
Like mountain sheep into a lion's den;
Like souls misguided to the mouth of hell
As victims of another's heinous crimes.
Like grass that falls before the mower's scythe,
So Spanish fire mowed down the Indian hordes
And brazen chains secured the Incas lords,
And shackled Manco to the dungeon walls.
When shackles thus securely bound the brave,
Wide o'er the hills the heathen forces surged,
Like thund'ring billows on the rocky shoals
That rage and roar and with the moments die.
Viscount Von Hutton fought in vain to turn the tide
And save the brave Atilba from defeat.

Night cast above the scene her sombre veil
 And soothed to rest the warrior's troubled soul.
 The cold half moon shed forth her cheerless light
 Upon the upturned warrior's ghastly face.
 Among the myriad slain, Allinco walked
 And shed her tears in pools of silent blood;
 She heard a hundred dying prayers in vain,
 And quenched the burning thirst of dying braves.
 She stops; she sees Von Hutton's stately form
 And at his feet, her lord, Atilba, dies.
 She hastes, she wails, she kneels down by his side,
 While thus in sadness cools his fevered brow,
 And gives him water from a golden cup.
 Von Hutton prays a penitential prayer
 That Christ would give Atilba peace,
 That he might calmly die a Christian death.
 Atilba seemed to sleep, but now and then
 He'd wake in fitful dreams and whisper low:

ATILBA—

"Allinco, where art thou? We'll meet again;
 Yes, in the golden garden of the Sun."

ALLINCO—

"Yes, Love, we'll meet, but with Von Hutton's God,
 Who is in truth the author of our race,
 The first Great Father of the Incas line."
 She pauses and Von Hutton speaks with dread:

VON HUTTON—

"Hark! Hear that beating at yon prison doors
 And now the clanking chains, maniacs words,

Ah, list! 'Tis Manco's voice that thus bewails
The final ruin of his noble line."

MANCO—

"Ye gods! How burns my brain, how throbs my heart;
My blood in fiery rivers runs its course,
And makes my body but a moving hell.
How dreary is this dismal dungeon tomb.
Here Death entwines his slimy cords around,
And draws my weary life out inch by inch.
How heavy grow to me these prison chains,
Whose clanking fills the regions of the damned.
Ha! Whence comes that golden thread of light
That shows to me a skull on yonder stone?
Ha, ha! How drinks to me that vulture's skull in hell
And seems to ope its jaws and call for gold.
Oh, Moon! Thou showst, methinks, Pizarro's skull
That grins as avaricious specters can.
Now Spanish fiend, partake of hell thy fill,
For thou hast earned the gorging condor's share.
Take off those bloody, priestly robes of thine
In which, disguised, thou feignedst to be a saint,
But now thou answerest to the name of fiend,
Tyrant, despot, destroyer of our race!
I wish I had a cup of molten gold,
I'd fill thy cursed skull to overflow.
Instead of wine, my health in gold thou'd drink,
Vilest vulture of the human race.
Each tooth would be a golden nugget, pure;
Each eye would be a sunken pool of gold;
And thus they would see as others see them.
Those eyes—they never filled with pity's look,

Nor sought a way for our benighted race.
 They saw our temples, rich with gold and gems,
 And while on heaven seemed they fixed in prayer,
 They were but counting up the golden suns
 That shone as gods upon our temple walls.
 That brain, where Thought hath done such ghoulis
 work,
 Should nothing be but fiery, liquid gold,
 For Spanish Thought sits on a golden throne.
 Oh! Could I shape that avaricious soul,
 I'd make a hunch-backed, dwarfish thing of it;
 But I'd make it from this trashy stuff—
 This thing that brings our final ruin—Gold.
 Oh, Sun! And at Pizarro's hand I die
 A martyr to his greedy, Spanish lust."
 Von Hutton hears the dying wail and says:

VON HUTTON—

"Ah! 'Tis a knell of death in awful words;
 Like daggers, to the hilt they pierce my heart.
 But I must cease and soothe our dying prince;
 So I will go and bring from yonder brook
 That which will quench Atilba's burning thirst,
 And soothe to rest his careworn, feverish brow."
 Allinco answers to this sad refrain:

ALLINCO—

"Go, Christian prince, and fill the goblet full;
 For 'tis such noble act of thine in time of need
 That shows thy love an attribute of God.
 Whom thou call'st Christ, I now accept by faith;
 Although the struggle has been fierce and long

To thus surrender all our holy rites
And cease the worship of the Supreme Sun.”
Von Hutton goes and fills the golden cup ;
Returns to find the loved Allinco slain,
And o’er her prostrate form he says these words :

VON HUTTON—

“Oh, Horrors ! And Pizarro’s bloody knife
Hath done its last, most fiendish, damning act ;
Hath stabbed the Mother of this Incas realm.
Oh ! Had I staid to die Allinco’s death.
Alas ! Too late ! The brute hath done his work.
Here, noble princess, quench thy parching tongue,
And with the rest I’ll bathe thy bleeding wounds.
So in the name of Christ I give the cup,
For such is all that I can give to thee,
Except to shed my tears upon thy grave,
Which I shall dig for thee with mine own hands.
Allinco, noble, brave and true thou art ;
Most lovely spirit of the Incas realm,
Must thou in sorrow thus this life depart,
A sacrifice for Freedom’s sacred cause ?
Could I fan back that ember into life,
The blaze would melt the Spanish tyrant’s chains
And leave the Incas master of his realm ;
Would purify the Church of grossest crimes
That basely seeks to make thy people slaves.
Couldst thou have lived to further teach thy race
What freedom and what thralldom truly are ;
That every life, if pure, is worth to live
And help to shape the destiny of man,
How blest would be the future of Peru.

In thee the freedom of thy race departs
 Beyond thy people's grasp and ken,
 For Spanish tyrants doom to blackest night
 The rising spirit of the true and free.
 Pizarro feigned to be a saint. Of hell
 He is, I fearlessly proclaim in truth.
 He came beneath the Romish Church's wings,
 And in her name he robbed you of your rights
 And heaped his curses on your supreme god,
 While yet his god is naught but filthy gold.
 He feigned to bring salvation to thy race,
 But vilely hell-brewed is his every thought.
 He dooms to an eternal exile, Right,
 And feeds your souls with blackest bread of Sin.
 Oh! Hadst thou lived to teach that Christ had come
 And died, a Universal Sacrifice,
 And with His blood had an atonement made
 For sin of every one who should believe;
 To teach that priestcraft is a galling yoke,
 And Christ alone can cleanse us of our sins;
 To teach that chiming bells and gorgeous robes
 And muttered prayers are all deceitful forms;
 To teach that each can seek a Savior's love,
 And make the same his guiding rule of life,
 Thy people would a thousand-fold be blest.
 Go, gentle Spirit, like the weary bird,
 Storm tossed about midst wildest gales;
 Go seek repose amidst shady bowers
 And rest away from Life's tempestuous scenes,
 There sing a grander, sweeter strain of joy
 Beyond the hearing and the sight of men,
 In Paradise, so may thy soul thus rest."

TO THE GRADUATING ELOCUTION
CLASS OF 1894,

WASHINGTON FRIENDS ACADEMY, KANSAS

YOU stand on the bridge of the Present,
And chant Life's musical rhyme,
While the sweet, soft zephyrs of morning
Waft by, down the River of Time.

You look at the river beneath you
As it hurries and dashes along
To the sea of forgotten Forever,
While o'er its dark surface, a song

Through the haze and mist of the morning
Comes back in a broken refrain,
And you list to the words of its warning,
"Life was to us profitless, vain."

You can cast from the bridge of the Present
Your barques into the surging stream,
Without even a thought or endeavor,
But to drift like a pleasant dream

Unknown, unforgotten together,
Away from the light-house of Hope,
That stands up the river above you
On the beautiful evergreen slope
Of the famed Andalusian Future.

This long swinging bridge of the Present,
Upon which you're standing tonight,
Is hung on the wires of Existence

That stretch from the infinite Night
High over Time's waste of water,
Through the silvery clouds of light,
To the hands of the Infinite Father.

The morning of life is upon you ;
You press toward the farther shore,
With the star of purpose above you
And the sunlight of wisdom before.

You read the sad lessons of failure
Upon the black clouds of the Past,
And seek to fathom the future
So limitless, boundless, vast.

Seek to know if it, beautiful pictures,
Will ever be truthful and real,
Or whether they are simple chimeras
That Tomorrows will only reveal.

Not in vain are the castles builded
And set afloat in the air ;
Not in vain are palaces gilded
On corridor, dome and stair.

These visions are only incentives
That lure to the higher plane
Of life, in the realm of immortals,
That only true toilers can gain.

How oft in a moment they vanish ;
Blown away are these magical isles,

With their beautiful gardens and fountains
Eutopian, sweet afterwhiles.

But nothing is lost, though in ashes
Our hopes have melted away,
And the thread of our effort is tangled
In the failures of yesterday.

You have striven to gird for the battle
Whose lists you enter tonight;
And the long roll and snare-drum rattle
Will scarcely give you a fright.

But when the sharp guns of objection
Shall slaughter your myriads of hopes;
Stand fast on the bridge of the Present;
Look to God, for He holdeth the ropes.

The world with a critical balance
Weighs wisdom with golden scales,
And credits each honest endeavor,
Though to us, it seemingly fails.

Our world is not half so cruel
As Fate would make it to be;
It is now only asking for power
And skill from you and from me.

You have finished your studies with credit;
Go forth with "We wish you well";
Keep the world forever your debtor
At the banks of our Father, farewell.

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